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THE TRENTON N.J. MURDER CASE

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

DR KNIFFIN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE

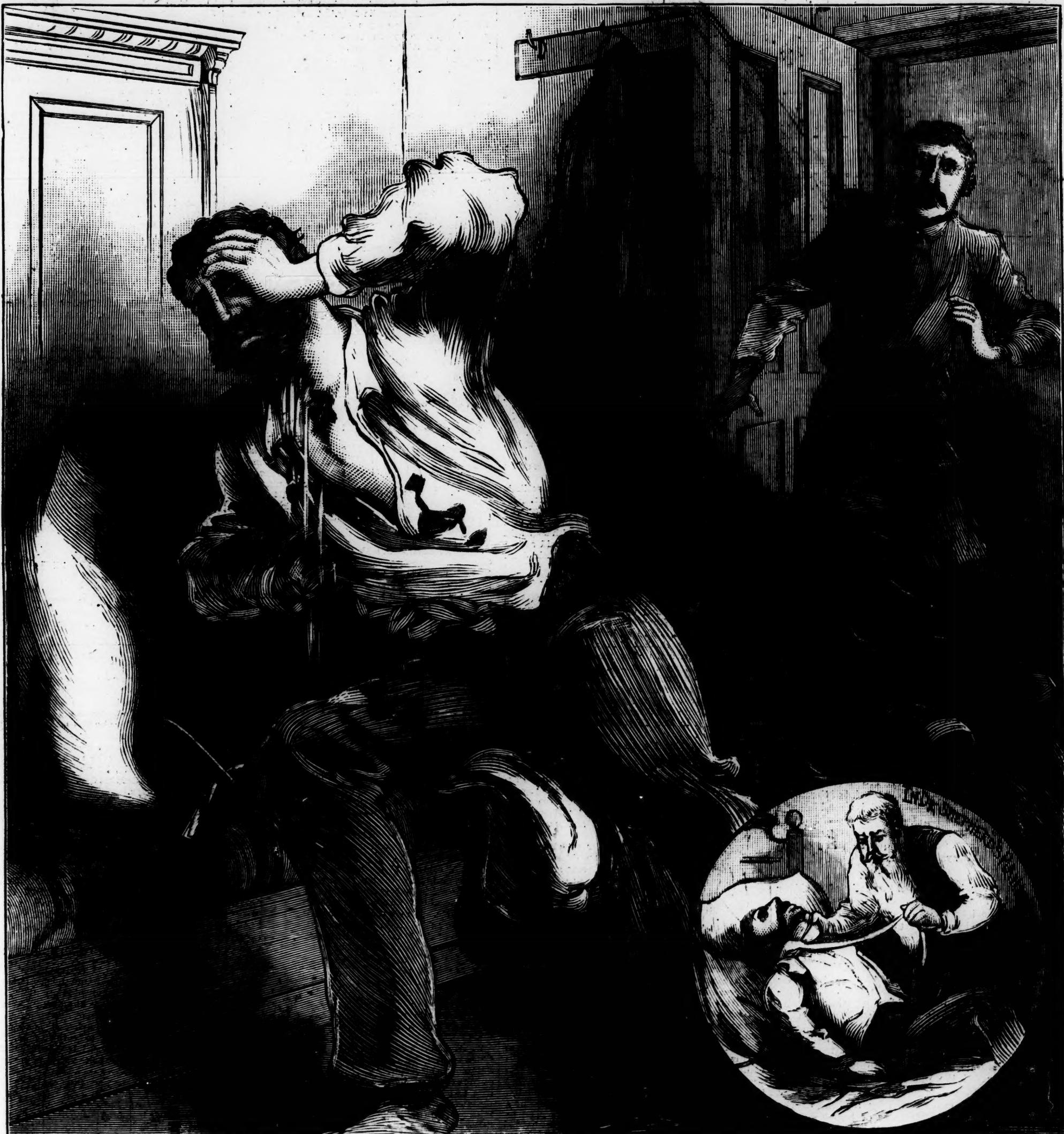
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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DR. KNIFFIN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

THE TRENTON, N. J., DENTIST TAKES A DOSE OF POISON AND THEN CUTS HIS THROAT.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE quiet town of New Holland, O., was turned topsy turvy recently by the announcement that one of those scourges known as a "Peeping Tom" had turned his despicable carcass loose upon the villagers, and had for some time indulged his vile appetite by clandestinely viewing retiring females who imagined they were safe from vulgar eyes. If lynch law is at any time excusable, a case of this kind is a good one over which the bloodthirsty judge should at once hold a session of his *sub rosa* court.

THE baseball boys are still threatening injunctions and counter-injunctions, and there is liable to be a red-hot time when the season opens up and the grand-stand and bleachers are again inhabited by howling, enthusiastic throngs. The members of the Players' League have thrown down the gauntlet and consider themselves firm and strong in their position. They have become tired of working year after year, to fill the coffers of the magnates, who have been more than dictatorial and unjust to them, and a new state of things is desired. The POLICE GAZETTE wishes the boys luck Play ball!

AS WE go to press the police authorities of Trenton, N. J., are endeavoring, with the vim and acumen for which they are noted to unravel the mystery surrounding the murder of Mrs. Myra Kniffen, the wife of Dr. Arthur Kniffen, a prominent dentist of the New Jersey capital, who was found dead in her bed early on the morning of January 3. The case is a most mysterious one in all of its surroundings. On other pages of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be found the story of the murder, with illustrations taken from sketches made by our artists, who were despatched to the scene immediately upon receipt of the news. Ever alive to the interests of its readers and patrons the POLICE GAZETTE scores another point in the way of enterprise, energy and get-thereativeness, for which qualities in journalism it has always been noted.

FROM time immemorial the balls of the Four Hundred have always been a success, and New York's society people have gone crazy over them. The last one that came off at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the night of Jan. 2, was no exception to the general rule, and those who had charge covered themselves with glory, honor, encomiums of praise and other delightful trophies of the enjoyable time. The costumes were rich, the maidens enticing and the gallants warmed up to them in a manner they appreciated and acknowledged. It is true that some of the gowns were extremely décolleté, but as the rule prevailed that children in arms should not be admitted, the hubbub that might have marred the pleasure of the evening by society's youngsters yearning vociferously for a square meal, engendered by a sight of the fonts of the true inwardness of babyhood existence, was noticeable for its absence. The managers can lay the flattering unction to their souls that their balls can be commended. Taken as a whole, the last one far exceeded previous ones in magnificence of display.

MASKS AND FACES

Mansfield as Richard III.—Wainwright's Memoirs.

INTERVIEW WITH MCGINTY.

The Ibsen Influenza...Mashers at Stage Doors...Rosina's Divided Skirts.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Richard Mansfield, as *Richard III*, is at Palmer's Theatre, New York.

He has not drawn big audiences, and the critics have scored him.

But Mansfield is great, if unconventional, in the role



of the tyrant king, and artistic, if not a financial success.

Mansfield makes the deepest naturally inhuman.

There is nothing of the traditional melodramatic stage tyrant of Keene, McCullough, Booth, about him.

He is a fifteenth century type, not a copy.

Mansfield's *Richard* has one shoe with a high heel and one shoe with no heel at all. Hence he is lopsided, rather than humpbacked.

Mansfield's *Richard* doesn't give us the famous soliloquy: "Now is the winter of our discontent," but he treats us to a murder in the first act.

The evolution of the character is skilfully done.

The wooing of *Lady Anne*, the scenes with *Buckingham* and the *Mayor* are capital.

The scene in the tent, where he sees the ghosts of the murdered, makes your blood creep.

The battle and death are long-drawn-out, realistic and most powerful—a magnificent stage picture.

Mansfield is not popular as a man. Bob Fraser, who was there the night I witnessed the performance, said so emphatically. Ida Mullis, who played with Mansfield years ago, when he was in comic opera, said so in a milder way about a week ago. Professionals don't fancy Mansfield.

But they all say he is a clever actor, and many kindly say he may become a great one.

Meanwhile Mansfield persists in having Beatrice Cameron as his leading woman, just as Wyndham persists in having Mary Moore. They are estimable women, these both, doubtless, but they're overweighted. So is Isadora Rush, the lady who now helps to spoil the excellent artistic business of Roland Reed.

Henrik Ibsen, poet and dramatist, is as popular nowadays as the influenza.

All cities and all managers seem to have caught him. Archer popularized him in London. Brandes popularized him in Berlin and Vienna. Amberg and Mansfield produced him in New York, and Palmer may follow their example.

Ibsen is this fashionable dramatist of the day, an eccentric, lion-headed gentleman, was born in Norway. He writes social dramas, "Doll's House," "Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," in which he tries to show in realistic way the flaws of our social systems. Ibsen doesn't veneer like Dumas and Sardou. He comes out flat-footed. Disease, sexual immorality, marital infidelity are paraded.

Ibsen is now seventy-two years old. He always sits in the same chair in the same cafe, at the Kafe Maximilian in Munich, where he resides.

He's been indulging in autobiography lately. "I live to myself (he says), without friends. Friends are a costly indulgence; they lay on us obligations of speech or silence, like parties in politics. I believe in no such obligations. I belong to no party, and wish to belong to none. I will sacrifice my feelings to the claims of no organized mass, be it Party, Society or State. From our early youth we are all brought up to be citizens instead of human beings; but we belong in reality to humanity rather than to the State. The expression of our own individuality is our first duty, not its subordination to the interests of the community. I, at least, have no talents as a citizen, the leader of a school, or a member of a party; and there must be thousands like me."

Marie Wainwright, in "Twelfth Night," is at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

I hear she's on the outs with Louis James, her husband. They have quietly agreed to disagree.

Wainwright plays *Viola* not so poetically, not so

daintly as Modjecks did, but she looks the part. Wainwright has no hesitancy in showing as much of her hosiery as the laws of conventional society allow, and 'tis a fair sight.

Eight years ago Emma Hart, afterwards wife of Hamilton and favorite of Horatio Nelson, showed her fair form to a manager when in the negligence of the bath and got an engagement as a plastic poseur in a cheap museum.

We have, of course, changed all that nowadays.

Since autobiography is fashionable, Marie Wainwright indulges in it, too. She is an educated woman, and probably wrote this autobiography herself, though the melancholy Julian Magnaus may have touched up some of her phrases for her.

"A few theatre-goers may remember that I made my debut at Booth's as one of the six Jullets at Rignold's benefit. I wanted to play *Juliet* all the time. No other character had any attraction for me then. However, I secured an engagement with Mr. Field at the Boston Museum for the ensuing season. I had seen enough to know that he wouldn't keep 'Romeo and Juliet' running for me all the season, but I hoped to play several Shakespearian heroines. When I was negotiating with Mr. Field I asked him what I should play, and he said, 'A varied line of parts.'

"In my ignorance I did not know what this phrase might be made to cover, but I was happy because I was engaged as 'juvenile lady.' The first part for which I was cast was the *Countess Ziska* in 'Diplomacy.' Imagine a young actress, without experience, being cast for this heavy part, which needs repose and thorough confidence. I dressed it as well as I could, and the critics were kindly encouraging. Miss Annie Clarke was the *Dora*, and after we had played a night or two a friend of Mr. Field told him that the parts should be reversed. So we changed the next week, and it proved advantageous for both of us. Well, 'Diplomacy' was not Shakespeare; still I was fairly well satisfied; but imagine my horror and disgust when the next part I was cast for was 'Nan the Good-for-Nothing.' I went to Mr. Field and told him I would resign rather than play it. A Juliet cast for a rough soubrette. Here was too deep humiliation! Mr. Field told me he wouldn't accept my resignation, and that I had better take a little time and think it over. Dear old Mr. Warren, for whom the farce was put up, came and talked to me so nicely that he soon calmed me down. I went on for Nan, but my humiliations didn't stop with that. The next part given me was *Tilly Slowboy*, and then there was another scene, more tears, resignations and final yieldings. But the season was only half through, and more was yet to come. Mr. Field got *Pinafore* and cast me for *Josephine*. Just think of the degradation!"

Florence St. John, now at the Broadway Theatre, seems to have caught on in a mild sort of a way.

The skirt dancers, Lillian Price, Maud Wilmet, Florence Levy and Edith Rayner, are undoubtedly the main attraction of "Faust," up to date.

That divided skirt business of theirs has a mysterious fascination for the Johnnies, and Manager Sanger has been obliged to have a special policeman stationed at the stage door to keep the dudes away.

Florence St. John goes out nightly, we are told, by the big front door.

Jacques Kruger, tall, lank and without that fortune of which the papers spoke so much last year is leading comedian with the "Twelve Temptations," which played in New York and Brooklyn recently.

Kruger used to be in the company of Mrs. John Drew, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and Charles Walcott, now of the Lyceum Theatre, was also at that time a member.

"We were both very 'dizzy' actors at the time," said Kruger, "and very much in fear of Mrs. John Drew. Drew called her 'the Duchess,' she was so high and mighty. One day, I bet Walcott that he wouldn't dare to call the old lady by her first name. He bet he would. A few mornings later, Walcott happened to receive a note from Mrs. Drew, asking him to come to the private office. Walcott thought his time had come, obeyed and, hat in hand, presented himself.

"Then the following dialogue ensued:

"'Mr. Walcott,' said Mrs. Drew, 'I am afraid, sir, we must part.'

"'Are you going to leave us, Louise?' queried Walcott.

"'No, Mr. Walcott, answered 'The Duchess,' with dignity, 'but you are going to leave us!'

"Thus Walcott won his bet and lost his job."

Rosina Vokes, when out in "Frisco," was interviewed on the subject of divided skirts, and expressed herself explicitly thus:

"First," said she, "I get a pattern of the ordinary trouser, gorring it to the top to fit the form. Then I have two skirts, one reaching from the knee to the ankle, the other from about six inches above the knee to the ankle, and over these I wear a short, light overskirt, also ankle length. They are all trimmed with lace. So I have, in fact, three light skirts, all independent of one another, and meeting at the ankle. I find that for my purpose they are both modest and comfortable. I use silk or light muslin or American cheese cloth, and in private I find black sarong a good material."

W. A. McConnell, of Chicago, has been indulging in a bit of banter at the expense of managers and dramatic authors who have eccentric lines printed on the lithographs and posters of their attractions and displayed on the dead walls of the town. "As I saunter forth" said Billy, "I look about me, and what do I see, in flaring, glaring colors?"

"God bless you all the day, and God keep you all

the night." Under the management of T. Henry French.

"I am a rogue by circumstance, you a rogue by choice—which is the worst of the two?"—Stella Mackaye.

"My wife! My child! and another image in her heart." Under the management of Marc Klaw.

"Hold! Who goes there?" Under the management of J. H. Sleeper.

"This dagger shall seek my breast." Directed by Ariel Barne.

"My Child." Conceived and Executed by David Belasco.

"My Wife." Managed by McGinty and McGall.

"No sale from day to day." Exploited by R. M. Randall.

"No Wife," written by Geo. W. Lederer.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Managed by Geo. W. June.

"One error, including Miss Cora Tanner." Under the management of Col. Wm. E. Sinn."

As I speak of Chicago, I may just as well reproduce a yarn I heard there about Paul Hull and May Irwin. It appears they went to the Auditorium one night to hear Tamagno sing. The opera was that historic chestnut, "Trovaratore," whence, by the way, the music of a well-known and old-time song-and-dance tune was stolen:

Miss Irwin and Paul Hull were late; the opera was half over when they arrived, and just as they were taking their seats a grand chorus was being sung. Something in the music caught Miss Irwin's ear as familiar. In her line of stage work she has sung or heard most all of the popular songs that have ever been printed, and the air the orchestra was playing sounded very natural. She cocked her head on one side like a bird and listened. She did not seem able to remember what it was, and she turned to Paul Hull and said: "I thought this was grand Italian opera we were going to hear." "Well, isn't it?" asked Paul. "I suppose it is," replied May, "but what that orchestra is playing now strikes me very much like 'Mary Ann Kehoe' or 'Mary Ann McGinn,' or some of those songs I have sung myself lots of times."

said Paul. "I reckon if we wait a bit we will hear Tamagno sing 'Down Went McGinty.'"

As I was walking down Broadway the other afternoon I saw Joe Flynn, author of "Down Went McGinty," strolling along with Jennie Yeamans. Half an hour later I interviewed him at Dockstader's. "I am twenty-eight years old," said he. "I was born in New York. I made my first appearance in Poughkeepsie. The banjo is my instrument though I don't play it much or well. I've been with my partner, Sheridan, about six years. My dancing I picked up in New Orleans some years ago. I was rather surprised at the success I achieved with 'McGinty,' for I think some of my other songs are better. There's 'Casey's Wife,' and 'No. Four, Second Floor' and 'The Night Maloney Landed in New York' are all fair songs.

The prettiest song I ever wrote, I think, is 'Remember Joe,' and was dedicated to Jennie Yeamans. I wrote 'McGinty' in Long Island City, where I was laying off. We first tried it May 6th, at the Providence Opera House. It went great from the start. I practice my new songs in my mind, hum them, plunk the banjo with them, before I put them on paper. A tune runs through my head and I hold it."

I asked Flynn to give me his autograph for our readers' benefit, and he kindly complied, thus:

Down Went McGinty

By Joe Flynn

Certified as a correct and authentic copy, by LEW ROSEN.

AN ATTEMPT TO KILL A PRIEST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

WHAT RUCTIONS!

A Sad Beginning of the New Year.

CUPID WON'T SWEAR OFF,

And has Started in On a Brand New Lap.

HE RAISES MERRY THUNDER

"Tommy Rats" Shows Up the Naked Godlet.

OH, AIN'T IT AWFUL?

What ructions!

Just as the whole country should have been around calling upon its neighbor, remarking "Shappyno-yiz!" filling its stomach with poundcake, pie, pickled pigs' feet and parboiled periwinkles, and swapping spits and gush with the girls, it was doing the opposite and was crowding the neighboring graveyards until the walls cracked, or was lambasting around in an unorthodox manner that made Virtue weep and Justice grit her teeth in despair.

Talking about swearing off! Egad, everybody appears to have sworn on and to have tied a string around his finger so he wouldn't forget it.

MISS JONES ASTONISHES CHATTANOOGA.

Everybody knows Sam Jones, but 'tisn't everybody who is lucky enough to know Sam Jones' daughter. Sam Jones is the noted revivalist who goes about the wicked world saving all the souls and money he can, and Anna C. Jones is his pretty daughter. They have recently been residing in Chattanooga, Tenn. Five years ago, William M. Graham, who is now an official stenographer in the Cherokee (Georgia) Circuit, first met Miss Jones. He was then twenty-two years of age and Miss Jones was twelve.

They fell up to their back hair in love and Sam objected to the intimacy, and the girl was sent away to school at Millersburg, Ky. She did not take very kindly to school discipline. About a year ago Miss



SAM JONES' DAUGHTER.

Jones returned home. Mr. Graham had become a lawyer, and was subsequently made the official legal stenographer of the Cherokee circuit.

One night recently the lover sought the aid of two friends, Prof. L. B. Robeson and Dr. J. E. Mayes. Dr. Mayes went to Chattanooga to arrange the preliminaries, and Mr. Graham and Miss Jones joined a riding party at Cartersville, Ga., Jones' home. The plot was carried out. The young couple on their arrival were met by the professor, and taken to the study of the Rev. Dr. Bachman, of the First Presbyterian Church, who, getting a hint from a reporter, refused to perform the ceremony unless a Southern Methodist clergyman assisted.

Then a visit was made to Dr. Drumbell, who, upon being told that the groom belonged to the Episcopal Church, made the twain one flesh. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Graham telegraphed the news to Sam, and Sam now hunts up all the emphatic words in the Big Book to preach his sermons from.

A BOWLING GREEN, KY., TRAGEDY.

From recent events, it might appear to the cynical that a certain married couple in Bowling Green, Ky., have not been getting on as well together as they might and that they had not clung to the promises made at the altar-rail when two hearts were made to beat as one.

A recent tragedy which occurred in the locality referred to leads to this line of thought.

John McDonald, who was employed at the livery stable of Woods, Holland & Potter, lived with his wife over T. J. Marpew's restaurant, on Lower Main street. They have not been getting on well together for some time, owing to McDonald being jealous of his wife. They quarreled almost continually and were recently heard scuffling. Shortly afterward three or four pistol shots were fired, when Marpew went up stairs to see what was the matter. When he went into the back room by the stairs he found McDonald lying on a bed on his back with a bleeding wound in his right temple and a pistol by his side. On entering the front room

he found McDonald's wife lying on the floor in a pool of blood, with her head toward the door and a wound in her head.

It is believed that McDonald first shot his wife and then himself. It is thought that neither of them can possibly recover.

This lesson teaches that it were better for woman-kind to go it alone unless she has trained herself to either stop bullets without suffering harmful results, or to steer clear of brutes who may use her for a target.

LARCHWOOD, IA.'S, DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

A horrible tragedy occurred in Larchwood, Ia., recently, and it has filled the surrounding county with excitement. The *dramatis personae* were Dr. John Munroe and his pretty and accomplished wife. Jealousy was the cause of the fiendish deed.

Mrs. Munroe was thirty-eight years of age and the doctor was three years her senior. The couple moved to Larchwood about a year ago from Beloit, Ia. Dr. Munroe was not long in discovering what he considered

"Not so bad as that," was Jeffries' answer. He told Officer Fries to guard the lower portion of the house while he accompanied Mrs. Welsh to the second floor.

On the landing a strong odor of coal oil was perceptible, and the second-story bedroom showed that an embryo fire had just been checked in time.

The bureau in the room was scorched, and great holes in the carpet showed where the flames had been.

"How did this occur?" Sergeant Jeffries asked.

"I was awakened by the noise of some one moving about the room," responded Mrs. Welsh, "and sprang to the floor.

"The lamp was burning dimly and I saw the figure of a man near the window. I screamed 'Thieves!' and the burglar made a dash for the door. In his haste he overturned the lamp, which broke, and the blazing oil flew all over the carpet and the bureau.

"I flung up the window and cried for help, but had to turn my attention to the fire. I had just put it out when you rang the bell."

"Where's the burglar?" queried the Sergeant.

"I've got him, Sergeant! Come down; I've got the

married recently at the residence of Mrs. W. Wells, a married sister of Miss Mayes, in Gerard, Kan. Miss Mayes, seventeen years old, and just out of school, is the daughter of Mrs. E. K. Mayes, proprietress of the Legrand Hotel, in Sedalia, and a wealthy lady. She



THE BURGLAR OVERTURNED THE LAMP.

attended Caird College at Clinton last year. Her mother says the young lady was engaged to E. W. Schuyler, train dispatcher of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway, at Monett, Mo., and the marriage was to have occurred at an early day were it not for the young lady's elopement.

Three weeks ago she first met Matthews, then a clerk in Mrs. Mayes' hotel. A week later Miss Mayes went to Gerard, Kan., to visit her sister. A few days afterward Matthews was discharged. Incompetency was the reason given. He left Sedalia at once, saying he was going to Texas, but he went straight to Gerard and married Miss Mayes, much to the chagrin of his late



SHOT HIMSELF AND HIS WIFE.

ed undue intimacy between his wife and H. A. Miller, the leading merchant of Larchwood, and a separation followed, the unhappy woman and her child being provided for by her husband, who continued to watch her movements with jealous eyes. Week before last the doctor called on Miller to settle an unpaid account, and during the interview accused the merchant of breaking up his home. Miller answered the accusation with a terrific blow on the doctor's forehead, and the latter left the store avowing that he would purchase a revolver and shoot Miller on sight. He bought the weapon, but was persuaded by friends to abandon his intention to kill Miller and try to effect a reconciliation with his wife, who had recently applied for a divorce on the ground of cruelty. The doctor went to her residence on the night in question, and against the advice of the family with whom she was living she granted him an interview. He appeared perfectly calm, and their troubles were discussed for nearly an hour, the doctor urging his wife to live with him again, and she firmly refusing. Convinced at last that arguments were useless, the doctor arose as if to go. Suddenly his demeanor changed and he sternly demanded:

"Once for all, will you or will you not live with me? Do not say no."

Then, as she shook her head, he exclaimed, "Prepare to meet your God!" and fired at her.

The bullet missed her and she ran screaming and closely followed by the infuriated man into an adjoining room where their five-year-old son lay asleep. Clasping the child in her arms she implored: "For heaven's sake, John, don't kill me!"

He paid no attention to her pleadings, but placed the revolver to her breast and fired again, the ball penetrating her right lung and inflicting a fatal wound. As she fell to the floor the murderer drew a lance across his throat and dropped dead in his tracks. Mrs. Munroe cannot live.

A BRAVE PHILADELPHIA WOMAN.

Mrs. Robert Welsh, of 1213 Heath street, Philadelphia, recently had an exciting time with an enterprising burglar who was burgling.

"chief!" came in loud tones from the lower part of the house.

Sergeant Jeffries went down the stairs three at a time, and found the patrolman in the kitchen, kipping the burglar who, in searching the rear portion of the house for a means of escape, had made a noise that attracted Fries' attention.

He was removed to the station where, being searched, a pair of gloves that had been stolen from the Welsh home were found upon him. His name he gave as Joseph K. Murfitt, but refused to tell where he lived. He was committed for trial.

A KITTENISH DELAWARE BRIDE.

Laurel and Greenwood, Del., society circles are bursting buttons off their cloths because of a novel wedding that occurred in the latter place a few days ago. The groom was a somewhat aged youth named Goldsborough Jones, and he is extremely susceptible. Goldsborough after having taken account of stock and looked over the kittenish maidens of the section, finally concentrated his affections upon Mary Simpers, a simpering Miss of 80 years.

The loving pair bidden and cooped for the usual period, undeterred by any fear of pa's boot or the household bulldog, and they swung on the front gate until it got a crick in its back, and held down the same arm chair until it got rocky in its foundation.

Finally they could stand the heat of love's young dream no longer and they therefore determined to "jump the dock off." So, a few nights ago, they issued invitations, and the wedding party assembled to enjoy the nuptials.

There, however, came very near being a slip between the cup of bliss and the parergical lip, for just as the good parson was about to get out his soldering iron Mary kicked. She modestly asserted that she could never think of getting married in the presence of such a crowd, and for a while it looked as if Jonesie's hopes were to be dashed into smithereens, and he wriggled around as if a hive of bees had pre-empted the bosom of his trousers, so anxious was he to bring the matter to a climax.



DR. MUNROE'S AWFUL CRIME.

Shortly after midnight Police Sergeant Jeffries and Officer Fries were startled by the cry of murder in a woman's voice, and when they arrived at the Welsh residence they were admitted by Mrs. Welsh who was pale as two ghosts.

The Philadelphia *Call* is responsible for the story of what followed:

"Oh," she panted, "I'm so frightened. There's a burglar in the house and he's set it on fire and we'll all be murdered and burnt up."

Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sayers. All handsomely illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

A compromise was finally entered into by the backward bride suggesting that she would permit the picnic to proceed if the lights were turned down, in order that her blushing might be hidden. This was done and the ceremony was performed, and Goldsborough and Mary were tied up in a bowknot.

How coy some girlies are, to be sure!

SEDALIA, MO.'S, PLUCKY MAIDEN.

There is high jinks among society's devotees in Sedalia, Mo., because of the recent elopement and marriage of two of its members.

Mr. William Matthews and Miss Lillian Mayes were

employer, Mrs. Mayes. It is not known whether the couple will return to Sedalia.

Plucky girl!
Get-there fel!
Eh?

TOMMY RATS.

HE IS TO BE ENVIED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The propah capah for some young married women and young ladies of the quiet town of Bridgeport, Conn., is to carry "pops," or in other words, pistols. This may seem strange to those who have always sized the home of the "Greatest Show on Earth" as a modest, unassuming, easy-going town, but it is, nevertheless, true. The cause of all the excitement is a man known as "Jack the Hugger." The scoundrel's latest victim was Miss Alice Brophy, a pretty young lady of the East End. She was passing the residence of Mr. Henry B. Drew, a few evenings ago, when a man sprang from behind the large posts which stand at the entrance to the grounds and seized her around the waist. She screamed for help, and the wretch endeavored to stop her by choking her, and, not succeeding, put his thumb down her throat. Her cries, however, had attracted the attention of a man near by, and he came to the rescue. Miss Brophy's clothes were badly torn and she was almost prostrated by fright. Her assailant escaped. Several other young ladies have been hugged by the man, and they're watching for him.

HE WAS COFFINED ALIVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Captain Jacob Garrett, of Springfield, O., recently received a telegram notifying him of the death of his father, at Sandusky. Mr. Garrett left at once for Columbus, where the funeral was to be held.

The coffin was opened for a last look, when signs of life were perceived. Restoratives were brought and a physician summoned, and in a short time the supposed dead man was able to speak. He was taken to a bed, and now lies there very weak and ill, but still alive, and his relatives are not without hope that he may yet be wrested from death's grip.

A FATAL CAVE-IN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A disastrous cave-in occurred recently in the Lane Mine, owned by Hayward & Hobart, on the west edge of Los Angeles, Cal., by which it is supposed nineteen men were crushed or smothered to death. Nineteen men were in the mine at the time of the accident. Thomas Corwin and two Italians were the three men who escaped. Workmen made an attempt to rescue the entombed miners, but as another cave-in took place they had to abandon their work.

CATARACT CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Cataract, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Professor J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



MAJESTIC HELENA MODJESKA,
AN ACTRESS OF RARE WORTH AND ARTISTIC PROMINENCE, NOW A CO STAR
WITH EDWIN BOOTH IN HIS SHAKESPEARIAN EFFORTS.



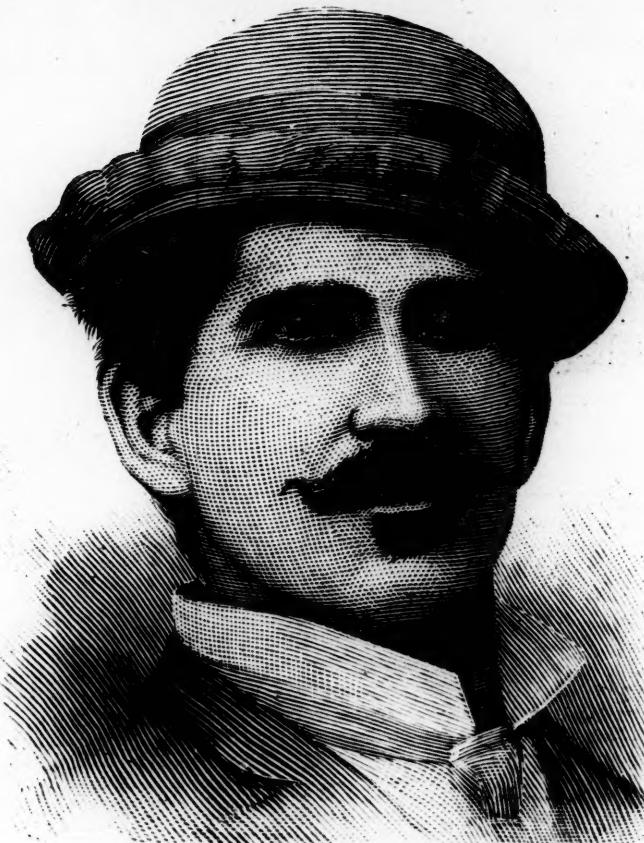
CLEVER JOE FLYNN.
THE EXPERT SONG AND DANCE MAN WHO WROTE "DOWN WENT MOGINTY"
THE POPULAR AND CATCHY SONG OF THE DAY.



SPRIGHTLY FLORENCE ST. JOHN,
THE BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL AND BLOOMING BURLESQUE FAVORITE OF THE LONDON GAIETY
COMPANY, NOW TOURING THE UNITED STATES.



WITCHING EUNICE VANCE.
A LONDON MUSIC HALL FAVORITE WHO HAS MADE MANY
FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES.



A TALENTED HARPIST.
CHARLES DIAMOND, OF SUNNY ITALIA, WHO HAS MADE MUSIC
FOR THE MILLIONS IN MANY LANDS.



CRAVEN E. SILCOTT.

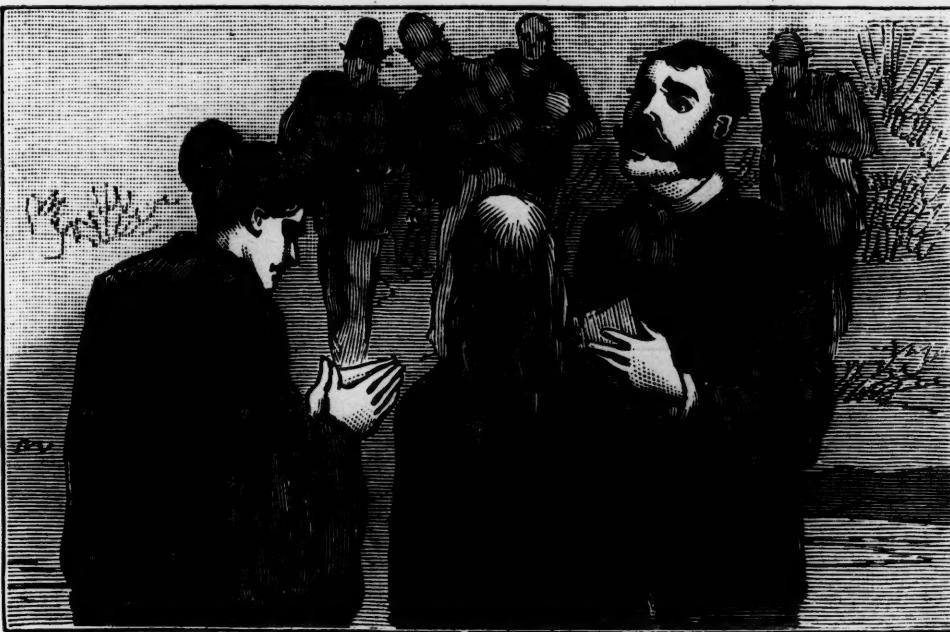
THE DEFAULTING CASHIER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

HERMINIE THEBEAULT.

SAY TO BE THE COMPANION OF CRAVEN E. SILCOTT IN HIS FLIGHT FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

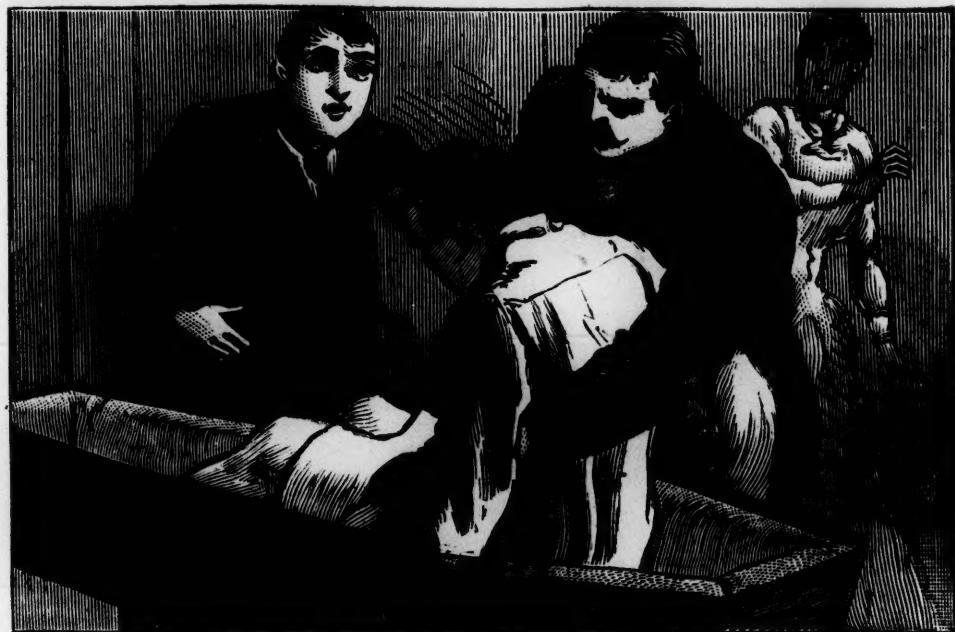
A YOUNG FIEND.

OTTO LEUTH, THE CLEVELAND, O., BOY, WHO WAS RECENTLY CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF MAGGIE THOMPSON.



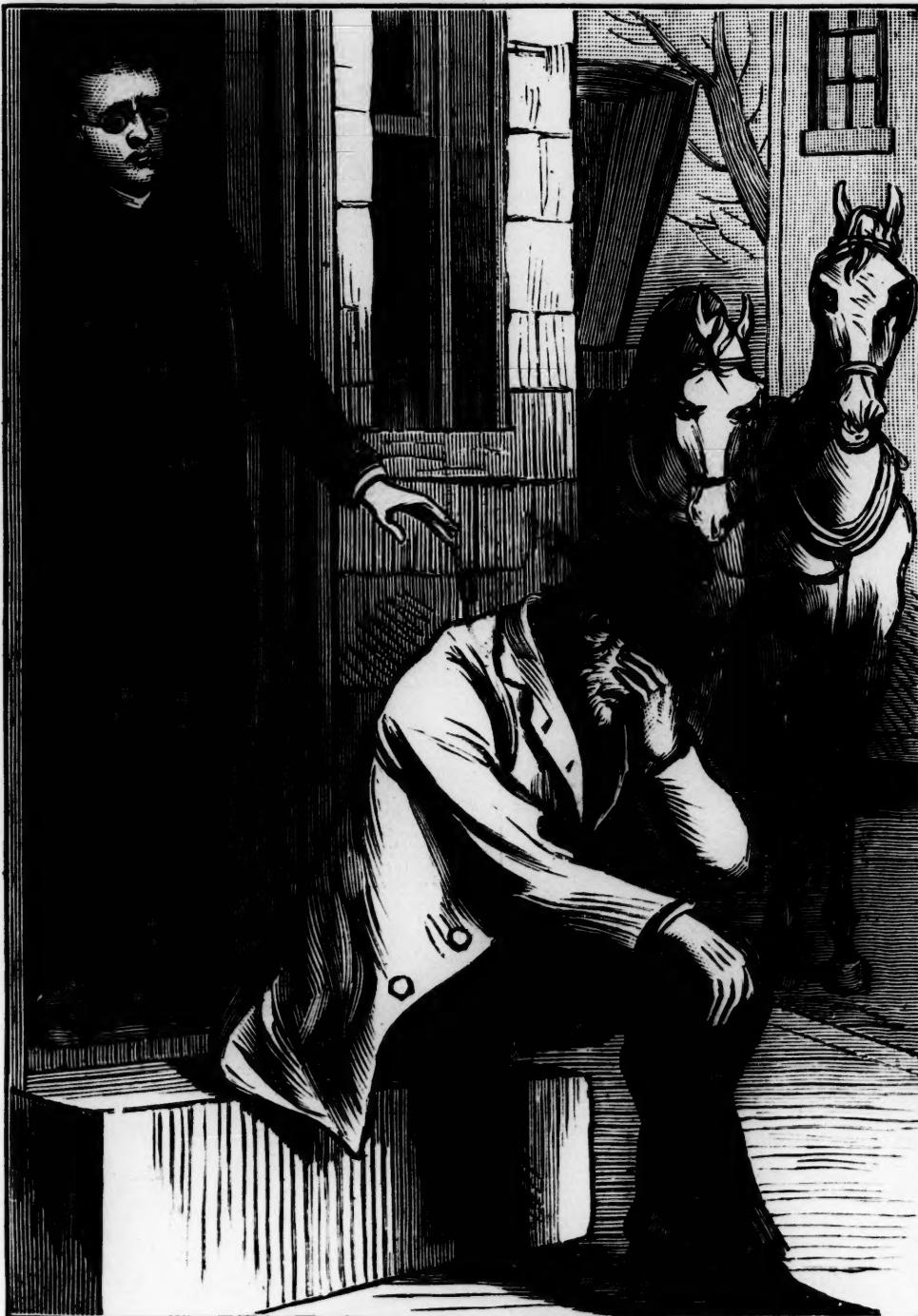
COLD RELIGION ON TAP.

WHILE IT WAS FRIGID ENOUGH TO FREEZE THE NOSE OF A BRASS MONKEY TWO WOMEN ARE BAPTIZED IN THE BAY AT GREENVILLE, N. J.



HE WAS COFFINED ALIVE.

A SANDUSKY CITIZEN, THE FATHER OF CAPT. JACOB GARRETT OF SPRINGFIELD, O., HAS A NOVEL EXPERIENCE WHICH HE WILL NOT FORGET.



HE ARRIVED TOO LATE.

PAPA CORNELL OF SPRINGFIELD, L. I., CHASES HIS DAUGHTER AND HER LOVER BUT THEY ARE TOO QUICK FOR HIM.



AN ATTEMPT TO AVENGE JESSE JAMES.

BOB FORD IS NEARLY CROWDED OUT AND HAS A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH IN A KANSAS CITY, KAN., FARO DEN.

NEGROES LYNCHED.

The Barnwell, S. C., Jail Delivery.

JAILER NEVILLE OVERPOWERED

And Several Murderers Taken Out and Shot.

GOV. RICHARDSON TO THE RESCUE.

Considerable excitement prevails at Barnwell, S. C., owing to the recent lynching of eight negroes. The negroes were prisoners confined in the Barnwell jail. The story is best told by jailer Neville, whose statement is as follows:

"About half-past two or three o'clock on the fatal morning some one knocked at the gate. I got up and opened the window and asked who was there.

"Some one in the crowd said, 'My name is Black, from Martin's Station with a prisoner. Come out and take him.'

"I told them to hold on until I got ready. I dressed quickly and went out as usual to receive a prisoner.

"I unlocked the gate, and as I opened it a mob of masked men rushed in on me. They demanded the

"After talking to the prisoners I heard some one in the crowd say: 'We'll kill them right here.'

"I asked the guard who had me in charge to carry me back to the bridge, as I did not want to see the negroes killed. The crowd that had me said I should not go back. About that time two or three men ran up,

prehend further trouble, but is preparing for it should another outbreak occur.

While the excitement was at its height Gov. Richardson was taking in the situation from the Capital and was preparing to act. This preparation took form when he issued a proclamation, of which the following is a part.

"Information has been received at this department that atrocious murders were committed in the County of Barnwell on the 25th day of December, 1889, upon the bodies of Ripley Johnson, Ralph Morrell, Mitchell Adams, Peter Bell, Hugh Furz, Hudson Johnson, Robert Phoenix, and Judge Jones by persons unknown. Now, therefore, I, J. P. Richardson, Governor of the State of South Carolina, in order that justice may be done and the majesty of the law vindicated, do hereby offer a reward of \$200 for the apprehension and conviction of each and every one of the said unknown persons guilty of said crime."

The Governor condemns the lynching in the strongest terms. He thinks that such lawlessness, however great the aggravation might be, is a blow at the prosperity of the State and a reflection on its government. Had he received any intimation of the proposed lynching it would have been prevented at any cost. If all the lynchers were apprehended, which is of course next to impossible, it would cost the State at least

down an embankment. The scene at the wreck was a frightful one, dead and wounded lying everywhere. Following is a list of those killed: Hale Morrison, postal clerk, Charleston, West Va.; Baggage Master Barkdale, Proctor, West Va.; Newsboy Thompson, Portsmouth, Ohio; J. D. West, Howardsville, West Va.; Thomas Karesch, passenger, Blackstone, Kan.; K. Kidd, passenger, Hannibal, Mo.; two colored men, names unknown, Allegheny City, Penn.; two additional bodies, unrecognizable.

SHOT BY A HALF BREED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A shooting match occurred recently at Watkins Glen, N. Y., the result of a quarrel over a game of cards. Bob Battles, a half-breed, and Al Fitzgerald were playing a game of cards in Tom Bennett's saloon, when the two began to wrangle over the game. Battles not being in a fighting mood, left the saloon and was crossing the road when Fitzgerald followed him. Fitzgerald was warned by Battles not to follow him, but the warning was not heeded. As the two men neared each other Battles was seen to draw a pistol and fire at Fitzgerald, the bullet striking him in the right shoulder. Battles was about to fire a second time when Frank Taylor, a colored boy, grabbed the pistol, which was discharged in his hand, the bullet causing a painful wound. Officer Swick arrested Battles.

A "PEEPING TOM."

For some time past the ladies of New Holland, Ohio, have been annoyed by a "peeping Tom," who has been looking into their bedrooms at retiring time. A few days ago one of the ladies of Postmaster E. B. Lewis' household was about to retire, when she discovered a man looking through her window. She hurried down stairs and notified Mr. Lewis, who quickly ran out in time to see a man jumping from a ladder that was resting under the young lady's window. Mr. Lewis made an effort to throw the ladder over upon the ruffian, but he was too quick and escaped in the darkness.

A TALENTED HARPIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere will be found the portrait of Charles Diamond, the celebrated song-and-dance artist and performer on the harp. Mr. Diamond was born at Naples, Italy, and came to this country when but eight years of age. Two years later he took to the stage. During his career he has filled engagements with Tony Pastor, Haverly's Minstrels, Harry Miner and Tony Denier's Pantomime. In England he has appeared at the London Pavilion, Royal Aquarium, Alhambra and Oxford Music Halls. He recently returned to this country.

SPRIGHTLY FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Florence St. John, the star of the London Gayety Company, now at the Broadway Theatre, New York, has received a cordial welcome in this country and has made almost as many friends as she holds with links of steel on the other side. Her singing in "Faust Up To Date" is much admired, and her personality is noted thoroughly charming. Photographs of Miss St. John and of all other notabilities can always be obtained by application at the POLICE GAZETTE office, by letter or personally.

MALICIOUS WEST PHILADELPHIA BOYS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William H. Ewell, a Philadelphia milkman, reported to the police recently that while serving his customers four bullets had been fired through the rear curtain of his wagon.

The police investigated the story and found that the shots had been fired from an air-gun owned by two boys, who had received it as a Christmas present.

Later in the day the gun was brought to the station house by Jesse Lewis, who had taken it from the boys for shooting his pigeons.

HELENA MODJESKA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Helena Modjeska, now a co-star with Edwin Booth, was born in Poland, and made her first success about 1877 in San Francisco. Her artistic work in "Frou Frou," "As You Like It," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Mary Stuart," "Odette," "Donna Diana," have given her a permanent place in historic history. In private life Madame Modjeska is known as Countess Bozena, and she has large possessions in California.

WITCHING EUNICE VANCE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We reproduce the features this week of Eunice Vance, the popular music hall favorite, who is now with Herrmann's Transatlantic Vaudevilles. Miss Vance especially distinguished herself by singing "Little Tottie Coughdrop, I Love You," and the serio-comic "Hezekiah," while the dudes admired the symmetrical beauty of her shape.

A LIVELY YOUNG CANINE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This week our dog-admiring readers will find on another page the portrait of Dr. A. W. Parsons' bulldog "Perla." As will be seen the dog is still young, but promises to be a good one when a little older. The doctor is a resident of the City of Mexico.

CLEVER JOE FLYNN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The face of Joe Flynn, of Sheridan and Flynn, author of "Down Went McGinty," the popular song of the day, is reproduced by our artist this week. The thousands who hum his airs will be glad to catch a glimpse of his features.

A RETIRED CHAMPION.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found the portrait of J. R. Couper, the retired middle-weight champion of South Africa. Couper can well retire, as his last fight netted him \$37,000.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2 cents. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.



MARCHED TO EXECUTION.

caught hold of me and told the guards who had me in charge to carry me back to the bridge.

"One man on each side of me walked me back, and I with the guard, sat there 25 or 30 minutes before the crowd left me. About 30 minutes after they were gone they commenced firing. It seemed to me they kept firing 5 or 6 minutes.

"I imagine one hundred and fifty shots were fired in that time. The guard then said, 'Let's go up the road where the party are firing.' I mounted a horse that a man was leading and rode up the road some 250 yards before the firing ceased. We went a few steps further, when we met the crowd returning to town. They escorted me back to town, and bidding me good-night said I could go to bed or go tell the Sheriff that they had wound it up. The crowd then dispersed."

The scene of the lynching presented a ghastly sight. The bodies of the dead men, with the exception of Adams and Johnson, who had been removed during



DEAD FOR KEEPS.

\$50,000 in reward money. Had the Governor more money at his command, he would have made the reward much larger.

Arrests may be expected at any time, and the State of South Carolina may be treated to a first-class hangman's seance, as the action of the mob is derogated by the peace-loving citizens of the State.

A HORRIBLE FATE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

J. E. Clark, a partial paralytic and an aged resident of Kokomo, Ind., has been in the habit of visiting George Wirkle's bathrooms, where he gained much relief. A few days ago he went to the bathrooms and was helped into a bath by Wirkle, who then turned on the gas to heat the water and then left to attend to some other work. He forgot all about Clark, and at night locked up the establishment and went home. In the meantime the water boiled and Clark, being unable to get out of the tub, was cooked to death. The following morning his body was found in the tub in a boiled and roasted condition. Wirkle and two of his employees were arrested.

TRIED TO EXECUTE HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Officer Hallihan heard piercing shrieks coming from the apartments of James Lenz, No. 158 West Polk street, Chicago, recently. Trying the door, the officer found it locked. He then broke it open. Kneeling in the middle of the room was Mrs. Lenz, with a rope around her neck. Her brutal husband had secured a clothes line, and, making a noose at one end, had placed it around his wife's neck and was throwing the other end over a hook in the wall. When Lenz saw the officer he sprang at him, but was promptly knocked down by a blow from Hallihan's club and locked up. Jealousy was the cause of his desperate act.

HE ARRIVED TOO LATE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Hattie Cornell, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Joseph H. Cornell, a well-to-do farmer of Springfield, Ill., and Frank Thiborg, twenty-four years old, who works a farm in Jamaica, Ill., were married in the parsonage of the Methodist Church in Jamaica recently, by the Rev. H. C. McBride. An hour after the ceremony the bride's father drove into Jamaica behind a pair of reeking horses. He drove to the pastor's house, but was informed that he was an hour too late. Hearing this, Mr. Cornell sat down on the stoop and wept bitterly. The objection to the marriage was the youth of the bride.

AN ATTEMPT TO AVENGE JESSE JAMES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, claims that an attempt was made to assassinate him recently. Ford says he and a friend named Dreyfuss crossed over the State line at Kansas City, Mo., to Kansas City, Kan., to play faro.

At about midnight Ford leaned back in his chair to stretch when a man known as "Fat" grabbed him by the head and made a lunge at his throat with a knife. Dreyfuss saw the act in time to strike the man, making him miss his aim. Ford says if he had not been unarmed, the man would not have escaped.

A FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A terrible accident occurred recently on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, at a point about three miles west of Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., which resulted in the killing of ten persons and the wounding of twenty-five more, ten or twelve of the latter being dangerously injured. The accident was caused by the rails spreading and the train running



STRINGING THEM UP.

the night by friends, were lying on the roadside. The mob had divided the prisoners, putting the Martin slayers on the right side of the road and the Heffernan murderers on the left. Their arms were pinioned and tightly tied to trees with strong rope before they were shot.

It is impossible to describe how many shots each man received and where they were struck, as their bodies and heads were literally torn to pieces.

Mitchell Adams was tied to the post which marks the corporate limits of Barnwell. Just to his right his accomplice, Ripley Johnson, was fastened to a tree. The Martin murderers on the other side of the road were arranged in line.

When asked the cause of the outbreak, Sheriff Lancaster said: "The trouble has been brewing since the murder of Heffernan, two months ago, and that excited



SHOT BY SECTIONS.

ment to go into the jail to give me the keys and I would unlock the gate, but asked them not to turn out any of the prisoners except those they wanted.

"They themselves took the key, unlocked the door, went into the jail and took out first Mitchell Adams who was charged with the murder of J. J. Heffernan. Then three of them carried out Judge Jones, Robert Phoenix, Peter Bell, Hugh Furz, Harrison Johnson and Ralph Morrall, all colored."

"Bell was charged with the murder of Robert Martin, who was mysteriously killed at Martin's Station recently. Hugh Furz was in as an accessory to the killing, and Ralph Morrall and Robert Phoenix were held as witnesses, but were supposed to have been accessories to the crime. Judge Jones and Harrison Johnson were held as witnesses.

"The crowd next roped the eight prisoners, brought them down stairs and marched them through the principal streets, compelling me to go with them. We got seventy yards across Turkey creek, which is about a quarter of a mile away. They stayed there some 15 or 20 minutes, and the crowd asked the prisoners a good many questions.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

How it Broke Out in Pike County, Pa.

A FIERY-HAIRED SLAYER.

Garry Snyder Plunks his Girl's Successful Lover.

FILLED FULL OF BUCKSHOT.

Cupid has been running wild again. This time we hear of him 'way out in the backwoods of Pike county, Pa. Miss Statie Miller was recently married to young Bush Miller. The two were cousins. Prior to the marriage the pretty Statie was courted by Garrett Snyder. Among other things that "Garry," as he was known among his friends, was noted for was being the possessor of a beautiful head of red hair. In fact his hair had a striking likeness to fine-cut carrots. Although much admired by some, the aforesaid hair did not catch Miss Miller's eye with anything like a

lows," indicating the other Millers and Bushes who were seated around the room, "were a-comin' up to give Bush and Statie a calathumpian party, and were about a mile down the road, when we meets Snyder a-going down towards Levi Hoffman's. 'Hello,' says I, grabbing him by the arm, 'come along back with us. We're going to give the bride a serenade.' 'All right,' said he, kind of trembling like. 'We've got to go down to Levi's to change my boots. You fellows go slow as you can and I'll catch up with you before you get there.' You see, he thought he'd killed 'em both, and that's the way he'd got away."



Almost the entire charge of small shot was received in the back of the young bridegroom, a doctor the next day removing 180 shot from a slight depth below the skin. Only a few of the shot grazed the arm of the bride.

The mother of the would-be assassin lives in Brooklyn. She is married a second time and begs that her name shall not be dragged into the affair unless it becomes absolutely necessary. She was seen by a reporter recently and exhibited a note which she had received from her son the day before. It was postmarked Delaware Water Gap. In this letter Snyder informs his unhappy mother that he has just shot a man and that he proposes to put an end to his own miserable life at once, having procured a bottle of laudanum for the purpose.

The authorities are hunting for the would-be murderer, and the subject is the sole topic of conversation in the wild region. Society in that part of Monroe County, Pa., which borders on Pike County in the vicinity of Bush Kill and Miller's Run, and the schoolhouse and Egypt Mills and Hilltown and other well-known places, is exclusive to a degree of which an outsider would scarcely dream. It excludes about everybody except Millers and Bushes, or those who at some time of their lives were Millers or Bushes before matrimony changed their names. Matrimony, however, as a general thing, doesn't do much changing of names therabouts. Miss Miller becomes Mrs. Miller, or Miss Bush Mrs. Bush, with an occasional swap of a Bush for a Miller. What was the impairing effect of this close intermingling of family blood, it is not shown in the physical attributes of these people. The men are giants and the women are come-y.

There is, crossing the Delaware, from Portland, Pa.,



pleasing effect. She did not admire men with loose-cut chewing hair.

For a time Snyder might have had an idea that he had a chance of winning the fair Statie's affections, but when young Bush Miller appeared upon the scene, what little show he had ever had vanished. Then began a career of jealousy on the part of the love-stricken Snyder.

Mrs. Miller, the mother of the girl, tells the rest of the story in this wise. She said that she'd been "scared like all along" that Snyder'd do some harm, and when, on the fateful morning, he came in and asked where Bush and Statie had gone with the team, she just lied to him and told him "they'd just driv off for a little ride," although of course she knew they'd gone down to New Jersey to get married.

"Oh, but he was fierce-like," said the poor woman. "He just grabbed me by the arm and he says to me, says he, 'Hav they gone to get married?' 'Law sakes,' says I, 'what air you thinkin' of? Of course they ain't.' With that he calmed down a bit and went off. Along towards evening he came back with his gun in his hand and said he guessed he'd lie down and take some sleep, as he was going rabbit shooting in the morning. A little before 8 o'clock Statie came in and got the lantern. She whispered to me that she and Bush had got married, and that Bush was over to Jake's putting up the horses. She took the lantern to go and help him, and then that red-headed chap he just gets up slyly and follows her without my knowing of it.

"There had been a couple of buckshot cartridges a-lying on the table, and seems like I missed them, and just then there came the sound of a gunshot. 'He's killed 'em!' screamed I, and my husband and me we just flew out of the house, and there was Bush and Statie lying in the road and no sign of Snyder."

"You see," interrupted the bride, "I had hold of Bush's arm and we didn't see nor hear anything until the gunshot. Then Bush fell and I just threw myself down on top of him. It was a good thing I did or else he'd fired again, and the other barrel was loaded with buckshot. He left the gun behind, and that's how we

to Columbia, N. J., a rocky-looking old bridge, which is a sort of Gretna Green for the simple-minded neighbors' boys and girls. It nearly proved a fatal bridge for Statie and her mash, for they had just recrossed it from Rev. Smith's when her mash was filled full of lead by the irate Garry.

The other boys and girls honor this bridge more than ever now, and many an "old man" will chase his wind out in hot pursuit of fleeing couples ere the swallows nest again.

So, at least, 'tis said.

COLD RELIGION ON TAP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two women became converted and were baptized in the bay at Greenville, N. J., recently. They were Mrs. Freeman, of this city, and Miss Carrie House, of Middletown, N. Y. Both are converts of the Faith Cure religion. The two women were dressed in long black gowns. Brother Hancock conducted the ceremony. He walked out with the two women about twenty-five feet, where the water reached up to their waist. The women folded their arms and the good brother forced them backward under the water and raised them again.

They did not seem to mind the cold. After the ceremony they marched back to the sanctuary in their dripping robes. They seemed to be very happy and joined in the songs of their companions.

BURIED ALIVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While four Jackson, Tenn., boys, between the ages of six and eight years, were playing under the edge of a sandbank in the eastern part of the city recently, the bank caved in, burying the boys under ten tons of sand. They were all dead when found.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actresses, Actors and Sporting men, only 10 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



found that out. Of course he'd meant to load both barrels with buckshot, but had made a mistake in his hurry and had loaded one barrel with number 5, and that's what saved our lives."

"And just to think," said a strapping big fellow in high boots who sat at the foot of the bed, and who proved to be one of the bride's brothers, "I hed that cuss by the arm within 15 minutes after the shooting and didn't know he'd done nothing. You see, we fel-

MURDERED IN BED!

The Cruel Killing of Mrs. Kniffin.

THE TRENTON, N. J., MYSTERY.

Attempted Suicide of Dr. Kniffin, Husband of the Dead Woman.

THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.]

As the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press the citizens of Trenton, N. J., are in a justly high state of excitement over the murder of Mrs. Myra Kniffin, wh. was found dead in her bed in her residence, No. 206 South Broad street. Mrs. Kniffin was the wife of one of the most prominent dentists of the place, and on the morning of Jan. 3 when Dr. Shannon, Dr. Kniffin's partner, arrived at the office, he was startled to find the furniture in confusion, burned matches on the floor, and other evidences of the intrusion of burglars. He called Mrs. Kniffin's name, but he received no reply. This alarmed him. Entering a small room directly facing South Broad street he almost stumbled over Miss Purcell, a cousin of Mrs. Kniffin, a beautiful girl of 22 years, and who had been staying with her relative. Miss Purcell lay in her night clothes in the middle of the room, like one dead. Dr. Shannon summoned help, and with two other men quickly made a thorough investigation. Miss Purcell was not dead, but she seemed partly unconscious.

"Oh, the burglars! Run, Myra, run!" she exclaimed, as Dr. Shannon and the other men lifted her from the floor.

Dr. Cornelius Shepherd was called in to attend to her. In the mean time Mrs. Kniffin was found lying dead in her bed in an adjoining room. The corner of a quilt that still emitted the odor of chloroform was thrown over her face. Upon its removal her face was found swollen. About the mouth and chin it was blue. The chin was scratched as though by finger nails, but except these no marks of violence were visible.

The police, by authority of Prosecutor Stockton, at once took charge of the house. They found a chisel in one spot, a hatchet in another, and still other tools, but they say the tools do not belong to a burglar's kit. They could not learn that anything had been taken, nor did they find signs of the forcing of any doors or windows. Miss Purcell was put to bed as soon as she was found. In the afternoon she was sufficiently revived to make a statement. She said she was not unconscious when she was found on the floor, but she felt as if she were paralyzed. She was unable to stir hand or foot. She and Mrs. Kniffin, she said, retired together. Both were cheerful, and Mrs. Kniffin remarked that she was not sleepy at all. Miss Purcell soon fell asleep. How long she was asleep she could not say, but she was awakened by a punch from Mrs. Kniffin, who said there was a burglar pushing open the door. Miss Purcell heard the noise at the door, sprang out of bed, and ran to the front window calling for help at the top of her voice. Just then, she says, she was seized, thrown to the floor, and a wet cloth pressed over her face. That was all she knew until Dr. Shannon and the other men found her. The piece of cloth was still over her when she was found. After Miss Purcell had told her story she was informed that Mrs. Kniffin was dead. She at once became derelict.

Dr. Kniffin was not at home at the time of the tragedy. Early the morning before he had gone to Broadway, N. J., as he said when he returned, for the purpose of visiting relatives of Miss Purcell to look at a farm adjoining their homestead which he anticipated purchasing. At Phillipsburg he had met Miss Purcell, who was on her way to Trenton to visit Mrs. Kniffin.

When he returned he was closely questioned regarding his whereabouts, and gave a succinct statement of all of his movements.

The police of Trenton made every effort to unravel the mystery, and Detective Leahy, after an investigation, reported that if burglars entered the house they must have done so by way of the kitchen door, which was found unlocked. He also found the cork of a small vial in Mrs. Kniffin's bed, and it is said to have smelled of chloroform.

The fact was brought out that in November last the Kniffin premises were said to have been entered by burglars while the doctor was absent. His wife and little son and Miss Purcell were in the house. Miss Purcell then said three men came into her bedroom, and one of them held a drawn knife over her as she lay in bed, giving her to understand that it would be used if she attempted to make any outcry. The two other burglars made a tour of the house, examining several pieces of jewelry, but not taking any away. They took a small sum of money, but the police never discovered any trace of them.

All day long on the Saturday and Sunday succeeding the murder the Kniffin residence was the objective point of thousands of curiosity-seekers and an army of reporters, the former anxious to satiate their appetite for the horrible; the latter to make investigations in the interest of the public. Among these latter were reporters and artists of the POLICE GAZETTE, who, with their usual alacrity, were early on hand.

Chief McChesney and his staff of trained detectives were baffled by the mystery surrounding the case, but every clue was followed up with earnestness and energy. They scouted the burglar story, and endeavored to fix the perpetrators of the crime nearer home. In order that no link in the chain of circumstantial evidence might be omitted, and for the purpose of giving everybody even remotely connected with the crime the benefit of every doubt, all were closely questioned and Miss Purcell and Dr. Kniffin were placed under partial police surveillance, so that no mistakes might be made as to their possible connection with the affair.

Late on Saturday County Physician Leavitt, assisted by Drs. Coleman and Struble, held a post-mortem examination, but found no evidence of violence other than the few scratches on the chin and neck before referred to. The stomach of the dead woman was removed and was taken charge of by Prof. Cornwalls, of

Princeton College, for analysis. It is said that Mrs. Kniffin was subject to heart trouble, and that the administering of the chloroform under these circumstances may have hastened her death.

Prosecutor Stockton was early on the ground, and announced that he would take personal charge of the investigation.

Dr. Kniffin has retained Criminal Lawyer H. N. Barton to look out for his interests in the matter.

At about 4 o'clock Monday morning Miss Purcell's brother, Arthur, heard the noise of some one vomiting in Dr. Kniffin's room. He rushed into the doctor's room and found him on the edge of the bed, partially disrobed, holding one hand to his head. He had cut a deep gash in his throat with a razor, which was found lying on the pillow, covered with blood.

Drs. Shepard and Cooper were called. To the doctors the dentist admitted taking an ounce of aconite, which had caused him to vomit, and fearing it would not have the desired effect, had cut his throat with the razor, also his right wrist.

Among one of the first persons sent for by the relatives of the dentist was Druggist Patterson. When he entered the room and asked Kniffin why he had attempted to take his life, he replied: "I didn't mean to but I got away from myself."

The police authorities look upon this attempt as evidence of guilt on the part of Dr. Kniffin, but the friends of the doctor say that the shock and nervous excitement attending the case have caused him to lose his reason. The physicians attending him reported that he will recover from the poison and wounds. When Miss Purcell heard of the dentist's attempt at suicide she became greatly excited.

A CRIPPLE ON THE WARPATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Saloon-keeper David Sarvis, Policeman Frank Holt and Robert Truax were recently shot at in Merrill, Wis., by George Handler, a cripple. Sarvis died a few moments after, and it is expected that Truax will also die, but Holt is out of danger. Handler and Sarvis had some words over a game of cards and Handler was struck in the face by Sarvis. The cripple went out and bought a revolver at a hardware store, and early the following morning went to the entrance of Board's Opera House and shot Sarvis dead. Handler then rushed into Hyman's saloon, and demanded a drink, at the same time saying that he would shoot the first man who laid hands on him. Just then Holt entered the saloon, and was fired at twice by Handler, who then turned and fired at Truax, the ball lodging in the left lung. Handler soon had sole possession of the saloon. While peering through the window he was fired at twice by Israel Shank with a Winchester. He was captured by a posse who had surrounded the building. The murderer had a narrow escape from being lynched.

A YOUNG FIEND.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Otto Leuth, of Cleveland, Ohio, the sixteen-year-old murderer of little Maggie Thompson, will be found on another page. On May 9th last Maggie, who was but eight years of age, disappeared. A month later her mangled body was found under Leuth's father's house. At first Otto denied all knowledge of how the body came there, but later he made a confession to the police admitting that he enticed the girl into the house, took her up stairs, assaulted her and beat out her brains with a hammer. The jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree, after being out six hours. He spends his time in jail eating, smoking and playing cards. He is to be hanged at Columbus on April 16.

A YOUTHFUL MURDERER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sam Goode and Andrew Bowman, two Chattanooga, Tenn., youths, recently had a trivial quarrel, resulting in Bowman stabbing Goode to the heart, killing him instantly. Both were about nineteen years of age. Bowman escaped.

WOODSON'S WEAL.

A Memphis Young Man of Worth Becomes Luckily More So.

Upon the principle that none but eagles soar with eagles, the Appeal reporter capitalist yesterday sought out Mr. Chas. E. Woodson the extent of whose good fortune is only excelled by his handsome appearance. Mr. Woodson was the lucky holder of a one-fortieth part of ticket No. 98,455 in the December drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery which drew the capital prize of \$600,000. The Appeal commissioner found Mr. Woodson hard at work at his desk, holding the responsible position of head book-keeper and chief of the business office of the well-known retail dry goods establishment of Hunter Brothers, corner of Main and West Courtstreets. He is a gentleman of fine appearance and, apparently, a genial, sociable companion. The Appeal reporter approached him with the figurative question: "Well, Mr. Woodson, I suppose your ship has come in?" "How is that, sir?" said he, and then, as if catching on to the idea, continued: "Oh, yes, sir; I made the rifle the last drawing." In reply to further interrogatories, Mr. Woodson elaborated: "I held the lucky number, deposited it with my bank, received the returns (\$15,000) promptly, and have not yet decided what investment I will make. I own a valuable farm which has been receiving my attention very closely, and I may place a portion of it there in the way of improvements. I have received any amount of advice as to how I shall invest it, but I have decided to resign my place here on the 1st of January and devote a good part of next year to travel over the United States, and perhaps may go to Europe. I am a native-born West Tennesseean, Fayette County being the place of my birth and early training. I received a good literary education, which was completed at Lexington, Ky., but studied book-keeping at Ladd's Commercial College in Memphis. I have held responsible positions at Menken's and the house I am now engaged in. I have been in the habit the past five or six years of buying one or more Louisiana State Lottery tickets, more as a pastime than anything else. You may rest assured I was surprised to discover that I had secured the lucky number. I will still continue to patronize the lottery in about the same way. I am thirty years of age, have been married, and have two sons, who now reside at my farm. Good-bye, sir."—Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, Dec. 28.

Estimates given on fitting up complete gymnasiums. For further particulars write Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.



TAKEN UNAWARES.

to Columbia, N. J., a rocky-looking old bridge, which is a sort of Gretna Green for the simple-minded neighbors' boys and girls. It nearly proved a fatal bridge for Statie and her mash, for they had just recrossed it from Rev. Smith's when her mash was filled full of lead by the irate Garry.

The other boys and girls honor this bridge more than ever now, and many an "old man" will chase his wind out in hot pursuit of fleeing couples ere the swallows nest again.

So, at least, 'tis said.

COLD RELIGION ON TAP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two women became converted and were baptized in the bay at Greenville, N. J., recently. They were Mrs. Freeman, of this city, and Miss Carrie House, of Middletown, N. Y. Both are converts of the Faith Cure religion. The two women were dressed in long black gowns. Brother Hancock conducted the ceremony. He walked out with the two women about twenty-five feet, where the water reached up to their waist. The women folded their arms and the good brother forced them backward under the water and raised them again.

They did not seem to mind the cold. After the ceremony they marched back to the sanctuary in their dripping robes. They seemed to be very happy and joined in the songs of their companions.

BURIED ALIVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While four Jackson, Tenn., boys, between the ages of six and eight years, were playing under the edge of a sandbank in the eastern part of the city recently, the bank caved in, burying the boys under ten tons of sand. They were all dead when found.



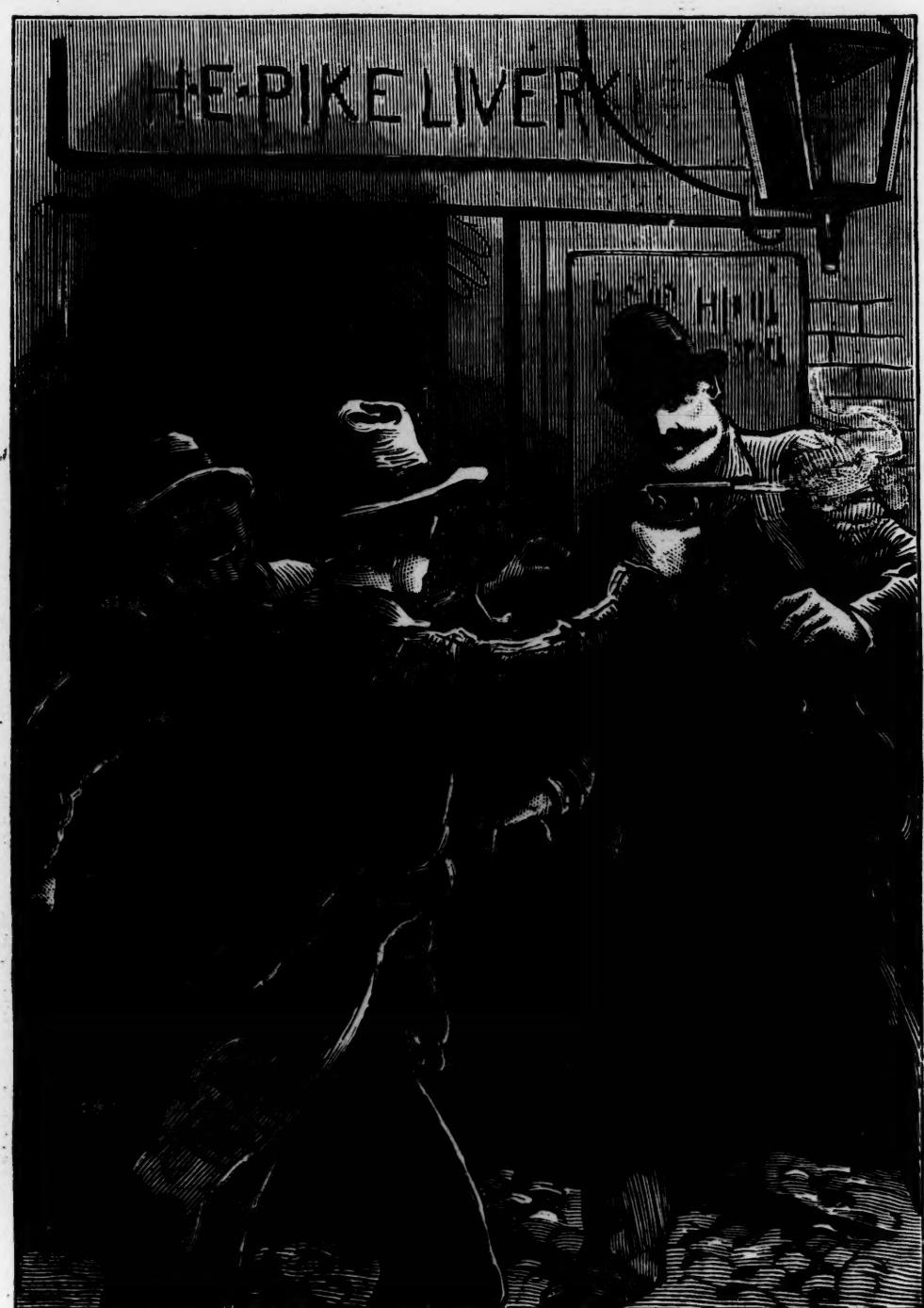
A FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

TERRIBLE SMASH-UP ON THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO ROAD NEAR GREENBRIER, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.



TRIED TO EXECUTE HER.

JAMES LENZ, A JEALOUS CHICAGO CITIZEN, ATTEMPTS TO HANG HIS EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD WIFE AND ALMOST SUCCEEDED.



SHOT BY A HALF-BREED.

AL FITZGERALD AND BOB BATTLES DISTURB THE USUAL QUIETUDE OF THE EN- TICING TOWN OF WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.



A CRIPPLE ON THE WARPATH.

GEORGE HANDLER RUNS AMUCK AT MERRILL, WIS., AND TRIES TO DEPOPULATE THE TOWN IN A STARTLING MANNER.



A FATAL CAVE-IN.

AN ANGELES, CAL., MINE HORROR IN WHICH A NUMBER OF WORKMEN ARE ENTOMBED AND LOSE THEIR LIVES.

NEW YEAR'S ATHLETICS

The "Boys" Open Up 1890 with Great Eclat.

WHAT THEY DID AND HOW.

We wish our amateur athletes, one and all, Happy New Year and many of them, and desire to say that we will look out for their interests during the coming brisk season.

The new year opened nobly for them and they jumped right into it and opened it with a fizz! boom! burrash that proved that they were going to make 'em hustle and whoop with their deeds of strength and efforts at muscle-making.

The wheelmen of this city, Brooklyn, Jersey City and the surrounding country saw the old year out and the new year in in a manner befitting the all-important occasion and entertainments were the order of the day and night or, rather, night and day, for most of the symposiums were begun after sundown and leaked over into the baby hours of the following a.m.

Among the clubs that celebrated were the New York, Manhattan, Harlem, Riverside, Hudson County, Atlanta, Elizabeth, Plainfield, Citizens, Brooklyn and Kings County, and they had a jolly time.

As Jack Frost wasn't accommodating enough to give the boys and girls a good time on the ice they had to let this style of amusement slide and take to rollers.

A big crowd was present on New Year's Day at the Columbia Rink to witness the running and roller-skating races for amateurs. There were ten entries in the 1-mile running race, which was won by Thomas Savage, of the Newburgh Athletic Club, John Shallow coming in second. The 2-mile roller-skating race had three entries, Fred. Black coming in first and Stephen Tuttle second. John Ryan fell and dropped out.

The New York Athletic Club boys were treated to a banquet by Steward Ulber, who set up a feed consisting of dry and wet goods. All of the prominent officers and members of the organization were on hand during the day, and bumper of sparkling champagne were drunk to the health of the genial steward, who is emphatically the right man in the right



THE BOYS WERE DINED.

place, and his health and prosperity were toasted frequently, as he personally bore the entire expense of the entertainment, which was an unqualified success. A donation fund of nearly \$3,500 was subscribed as a New Year's present to the employees of the club, President Cox and Vice-President Schuyler heading the list, while that venerable admirer of athletic skill, Mr. Joseph J. O'Donoghue, placed his signature on the list for \$50. He is lying sick at his residence, and sent a check to the club for the amount.

The Harlem branch of the Y. M. C. A. had an enjoyable claque in their rooms, 125th street near Park Avenue, and entertained their friends and members of the Manhattan, St. George, New Jersey, Pastime and other clubs. These contests were indulged in and suitable prizes awarded by Physical Director Smith:

Obstacle Race—Won by L. A. Sarre, Manhattan Athletic Club; W. W. Scott, New Jersey Athletic Club, second. This was a laughable competition and caused much merriment.

Potato Race—Won by F. C. Puffer, New Jersey Athletic Club; W. W. Scott, his clubmate, second.

Sack Race—Won by F. C. Puffer, New Jersey Athletic Club, with G. Smith, Young Men's Christian Association, second.

Three-legged Race—Won by Team No. 4, the personnel of which was F. C. Puffer, New Jersey Athletic Club, and Harry Morrell, Pastime Athletic Club. Team No. 2 was second, E. L. Sarre and J. Freshman, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, being its members.

Pole Climbing—Won by H. H. Morrell, Pastime Athletic Club; G. Smith, Young Men's Christian Association, second.

Putting the Sixteen-Pound Shot—Won by R. A. Linden, Pastime Athletic Club, Morrell being second.

Dead loads of pretty girls watched the contests and urged the participants on to victory.

The Bedford Athletic Club, of Brooklyn had a noble time in their club rooms. This was the programme:

Running High Jump—Entries: C. D. Wood, R. G. Williams, H. L. Carpenter, J. T. Adams, J. N. Carpenter and C. F. Napier. Won by C. D. Wood.

In boxing Paul Tidden and R. G. Williams had a rattling three-round set-to at the end of which no decision was rendered, as the referee considered the contestants too evenly matched. E. E. Read and J. N. Carpenter also donned the mitts for three rounds without reaching a result.



ON THE TRAPEZE.

In club swinging C. D. Wood showed marked ability.

High kicking—Won by E. E. Read.

Trapeze—Entries: R. G. Williams, E. E. Read, J. N. Carpenter and C. F. Napier. The judges withheld their decision in this event, as all the competitors did so remarkably well.

Tug-of-war (weight unlimited)—Two teams entered—The winning team was composed of Paul Tidden, captain; E. E. Read, C. D. Wood and R. G. Williams.

Then, too, the Harriers did themselves proud. The American Athletic Club did their annual cross-country run. The course lay from the club grounds at 135th street to and around Inwood, over the stiff country of the Bronx River region. The distance covered was about eight miles, and the run in was won by J. Britton, W. Edge being second and McGinty Manlock third. Time, 55 minutes. The officers of the run were: Referee and starter, Andrew S. Molloy; timekeeper, T. Blumenthal, both of the American Athletic Club.

The Prospect Harriers, too, had a run. The course was along Fourth avenue to Sixtieth street, from thence along Franklin Avenue to West Brooklyn, along the Boulevard to the King's highway, then to the Culver road, back again to Sixtieth street and to Eighteenth avenue. On the return J. H. Trathen was taken sick. Capt. J. D. Lloyd took charge of him and brought him back to the hotel. The officers of the run were: W. H. Lightfoot, master of the hounds, and E. Dellar and Charles

McCollum, co-starters.

The lively time they had during the week.

INTERESTING PUGILISTIC EVENTS.

OUR PROFESSIONALS.

The Lively Time They Had During the Week.

INTERESTING PUGILISTIC EVENTS.

Sim Collins is to be matched against Frank McHugh for a purse of \$500.

Australian Murphy and Ike Weir are to battle on Jan. 13 at San Francisco.

Matsada Kogaree Sorakichi, the Japanese wrestler, is reported as dying of galloping consumption.

Eugene Hornbacher, the German bantam, is not going to rest on his defeat by George Dixon, and he is again looking for a match.

Jim Daly, the heavy-weight pugilist of Philadelphia writes that he is willing to meet Frank Herald or any man in America for a purse.

Batty Walton and Spider Miller have signed articles to battle according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$500 and \$150 a side. Both are bantams.

Frank Herald called at the "Police Gazette" office on January 2 and stated he was willing to meet George Godfrey if a purse of \$1,500 was put up by the Parnell Athletic Club, of Boston.

At Milwaukee, Wis., on Dec. 29, John Voosburgh, better known as the Monk, and David Simmonds, two well-known bartenders, fought with kid gloves, "Police Gazette" rules. Both were badly punished.

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" from Providence, R. I., says: "Articles of agreement have been signed for a fight on Jan. 16, between White, of Washington, and McManus, of Providence, within 10 miles of Washington, for the light-weight championship of that place."

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" from Amsterdam, Jan. 3, says: "The race in the International skating match here to-day was won by the German Pander in 1 minute 24.2 seconds. The distance was half a mile. Pander's time beats the previous record by two-tenths of a second."

At North Lawrence, Mass., on December 29, there was a rattling mill according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$200 between Joe Gallagher, of Smithville, and Miller, of Akron. Pending the settlement of a dispute about the preliminaries Gallagher got hold of the stake money and skipped.

Thomas F. Delaney, the ex-amateur champion runner, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently and accepted the challenge of Wm. McClelland of Philadelphia to run any man in America from one to ten miles for the championship of America. Delaney agrees to run McClelland any distance from three to ten miles for \$250 or \$500 a mile, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder.

A slashing cocking main between New York and Long Island game fowls was fought on January 2 at a well-known resort on Long Island. "Police Gazette" rules governed and the stakes were \$50 a side and \$500, to a cold fight deciding the main. Five battles in all were fought. The New York birds winning the two first and Long Island birds the three last battles. About 150 sporting men witnessed the main.

Tommy Danforth called at the "Police Gazette" office and issued a challenge to meet Jimmy Lynch, of New York, to spar fifteen rounds according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse and \$250 a side four weeks from signing article. Dave Wilson, the newsdealer of Harlem, is Danforth's backer. Lynch and Danforth fought on July 28, 1889, for a purse and \$800 a side. Lynch won in 22 rounds on an alleged foul.

The following special cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

London, Dec. 30, 1889.

Jem Smith's backer paid Slavin the \$500 stakes to-day. Slavin is to be married to Edith Slater, the barmaid of the Nayland Rock Hotel, Margate, where Slavin trained.

Betting on Mitchell and Mace match for \$500 is 7 to 4 on Mitchell. Surefoot favorite for Derby. ATKINSON.

Hattie Leslie (whose portrait recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE), of Buffalo, N. Y., and Ethel Marks of Cincinnati wrestled Greco-Roman at the People's Theatre, Cincinnati, on Dec. 28. Hattie Leslie had agreed to throw her rival four times within one hour, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Ethel Marks won the first fall, but Leslie failed to win four falls within the 60 minutes, and her opponent was declared the winner.

One of the happiest men on Long Island is Mr. F. P. Morris, of the Long Island News Company. The cause of all Mr. Morris' joy was a present he received on Christmas from his fifty or more employees. The present was sixty-three pieces of silver, consisting of silver spoons, forks, knives, etc. Mr. Morris is one of the most popular men along the line of the railroad, and also on the Philadelphia and Reading line, where he is the superintendent of the news agents.

Near Lebanon, Ind., on December 29, Edward Keating, of Lafayette, and Edward Carey of Crawfordsville, two heavy-weights, fought at 185 pounds for a purse. It was a slashing mill and was fought according to "Police Gazette" rules. Both men were terribly punished. In the fifteenth round Keating went to grass three times by blows over the heart. In the twenty-third Keating, by a lucky blow, knocked Carey out. The purse amounted to \$500.

A rattling mill was fought on Dec. 31 near Buffalo, N. Y., between Tommy Cavanaugh and Scotty Sherman. The men fought 8 rounds with 2-ounce gloves. Cavanaugh had the best of the fight all the way through, and secured the first knock down in the second round by a left-hand upper-cut, though Sherman got first blood in the first round by a right-hand blow on the nose. The fight was declared a draw at Sherman's request, as his left shoulder was thrown out of joint by a blow under the arm.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 4.

Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada, who has fought Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myers, has been matched to fight Jack Hanley, of Erie, Pa., for a purse of \$800. The Erie County Athletic Club have guaranteed the purse, and the battle will be fought according to "Police Gazette" rules on Jan. 29. Peter McCoy and Charley Gleason have been matched to battle for a purse of \$1,500 in February. The club is in communication with Frank P. Slavin, with a view of matching him with Joe McAuliffe. In case of failure another attempt will be made to bring Kirwan here.

A special despatch to the "Police Gazette" from L. R. Fields, the president of the California Athletic Club, Jan. 1, says: "At a meeting of the directors of the California Athletic Club the date of the battle between Jimmy Carroll, of San Francisco, and Jack McAuliffe, of New York, was changed from February 20 to March 21. The match is for a purse of \$3,500. Peter McCoy and Charley Gleason have been matched to battle for a purse of \$1,500 in February. The club is in communication with Frank P. Slavin, with a view of matching him with Joe McAuliffe. In case of failure another attempt will be made to bring Kirwan here."

LIVES OF THE BIG FOUR—Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John C. Heenan and John Morrissey—complete in one volume, and portraits of all the leading heavy-weights. Mailed to any address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

A SPIRITED MAIN.

Paterson and New Brunswick, N. J., Cocks Indulge in a Spirited Debate.

One of the most important mains fought thus far this season was that between Paterson and New Brunswick, contested at a well-known resort in Jersey City on December 20. The conditions were for each side to show thirteen and eight all that weighed within two ounces of each other for \$50 each battle and \$200 the old fight. The weighing resulted in nine matches being arranged. Both sides presented a black and red of five pounds for the first event. Paterson had the call in the betting. The birds fought hard for six minutes, and Paterson won by a clean thrust in the breast of his opponent.

Six-pound birds were brought out for the second event. They were also both black and red. After the very first rally the New Brunswick bird flew out of the pit as though it had come out of its wits, and the Paterson cock became the favorite at 5 to 3. The traitor was brought back, however, and afterward gave one of the best exhibitions of the night. For 20 minutes the cocks fought a terrific battle. The Paterson bird took all sorts of punishment, but stood up bravely. Half a dozen times he whirled



A BRAIN BLOW.

around the pit like a circus performer, but invariably fought back hard on the recovery of his feet. The New Brunswick bird was too strong for him toward the close.

The third battle was a rough-and-tumble. New Brunswick put a black and red cock, and Paterson presented a gray "henry." They were 4-pound birds. It took over 20 minutes to decide the thing, and during that time either bird was the favorite half a dozen times. Paterson finally won on a count, but up to the time of decision nobody knew who would be the winner.

New Brunswick put forth a black cock for the fourth event, and he was a dandy. The pyle was pretty nearly gone at the end. Time, 8 minutes 20 seconds.

The next bout was a rattle. The birds weighed at four pounds and were both of the red and black order. The Paterson cock received four thrusts through the body that made him drop as though without legs. But all at once he jumped high and caught New Brunswick full on the breast, and the latter was done. He died before the decision was given against him. This gave Paterson one battle over the other side. Time, 7 minutes 40 seconds.

Big birds were brought out for the sixth bout. The New Brunswick game was a yellow and black, while Paterson showed a gray and black. These fowl fought for nearly 25 minutes. New Brunswick had the call for the first half of the time, as he plunged his gaff into the Paterson bird many times. It turned out, however, that his thrusts were not severe, and he tired himself with the exertion. Then the yellow and black began to get in some fine work, and he finally won.

The eighth and decisive battle brought out great endurance in the New Brunswick bird, which was a dark red. The Paterson representative was a brown and white. They were of good size. For five minutes there was no advantage on either side.



BILLING.

but soon after Paterson had his enemy blinded in both eyes and gaffed him with ease. The unfortunate dark red stumbled about courageously for five minutes more, but could not breast his opponent on the line the third time he was called upon to do so, and the battle and main went to Paterson.

[NOTE BY ED.—It may be mentioned, in connection with cock-fighting, that everything pertaining to this branch of sport, including gafts, boxing-gloves, muzzles, etc., can be procured at lowest rates by addressing POLICE GAZETTE PURCHASING AGENCY, Franklin-Square, N. Y.]

SPORTING NEWS FROM THE GOLDEN GATE.

The following special was received January 5 at the POLICE GAZETTE office from Patsy Hogan, the retired light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope:

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29, 1889.

The California Athletic Club have made arrangements for the battle between Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider and holder of the "Police Gazette" feather-weight champion belt, and Billy Murphy, the feather-weight champion of Australia, for a purse of \$1,500. Weir's hand was examined by a physician appointed by the Club and they have decided that he must meet the Australian on January 13.

The glove fight between Mike Lacle, of Troy, N. Y., and Jimmie Carroll of Brooklyn, both middle-weights, for a purse of \$1,500, will be fought on January 27 at the Golden Gate Athletic Club.

Paddy Smith, of Birmingham, Eng., and Jimmy Griffen have been matched to box ten rounds at the Occidental Club on January 26.

The Golden Gate Athletic Club in the future will have all glove fights decided according to "Police Gazette" rules, and this action will stop drawn battles.

Billy Smith and Joe Bowers are to battle for a purse of \$800 at the Occidental Club on January 26.

The topic which is attracting universal attention is the match between Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt, and Paddy McCarthy, the middle-weight champion of Australia. This battle will be fought the last week in January, and hundreds of dollars will be wagered on the result. Both men are in training and Dempsey is working hard. Many believe that the Australian will win. George La Blanche will challenge the winner.

The battle between Jimmy Carroll and Jack McAuliffe for a purse of \$3,500 is now a fixture. Carroll is bound to be in condition, for he has begun training already. Admirers of the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt think he should at once come here and train.

The California Athletic Club are using every influence to coax Frank P. Slavin to come to the Coast to meet Joe McAuliffe for a purse of \$3,500. If Slavin will not agree to meet McAuliffe, Jake Kilroy will be made the same offer. Slavin's stock has gone up here twenty-five per cent.

It is understood that arrangements have been perfected for a purse of \$15,000, out of which the loser will receive \$2,500.

PATSY HOGAN.

SLAVIN'S EXPERIENCE

In His Recent Fight with Smith in Bruges, Belgium.

HIS PROMISING FUTURE

The unfair treatment Frank P. Slavin, the Australian champion, received when battling with Jem Smith, England's champion, conclusively proves that no foreign pugilist can invade England and meet the home champion in a prize ring encounter and receive fair play.

Slavin's backers must have been aware that Smith would have a strong body guard at the ring side, and it was poor policy for Slavin's manager not to have made arrangements to secure just such a body guard as Smith's backers had done.

If Slavin had had ten first-class men in his corner today he fought Smith the battle would have been ended and Slavin would have received fair play. To be forewarned is to be prepared, but Slavin and his backers failed to comply with this old but true saying.

Slavin, however, outside the bruises and cuts he receives from the knuckle-dusters, will not lose any prestige by the result of the fight, for every sane, unbiased sporting man will allow that he fairly whipped the English champion, although he did not receive a decision which would have entitled him to the stakes and title he contended for. Smith's display with the Australian in a dingy way was similar to the form he displayed with his conqueror, Peter Jackson, and proves that his claim to championship honors is absurd.

At the time Smith fought Jake Kilrain he might have qualified for a prize ring champion, for on that occasion he proved he could fight and possessed the stamina to battle in the roped arena against any candidate for the pugilistic premiership. Since then Smith's performances have been anything but creditable to a champion. His farce with Wanlop and his disgraceful show with Slavin proves that, as a pugilist of the first class, he has gone to the dogs.

Smith's degeneration as a pugilist, in my opinion, is owing to the terrific pounding he received from Kilrain in December, 1887, when he met the American champion for the "Police Gazette" championship belt and \$10,000 in France. The punishment Smith received in that battle he probably never recovered from, and it is more than likely that that is the reason he has made such a poor showing in his latter-day matches.

First-class judges of pugilism in England who witnessed Slavin's fight agree that the Australian is a wonder. He was just as great a surprise to the old followers of the prize ring in England as Kilrain was when he thumped the English champion all over the ring and threw him whenever he chose to do so or an opportunity presented itself.

It is my opinion that Slavin is a first-class pugilist. Ever since his two encounters with Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, in Australia, one of which contests ended in a draw, and the other by Slavin putting the clever Irish Lad to sleep in 3 rounds in less than 9 minutes, the fancy have kept their eyes on him.

Every reader of the "Police Gazette," and they count millions, must remember that Burke was by no means, to use a turf phrase, "a selling plater," but "a stake horse" of high-bred quality. What pugilist ever defeated Jack Burke, or what other pugilist over put him to sleep when contending by either "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules?

And yet he has fought many battles. Burke fought Charlie Mitchell once according to London rules, and twice in this country with gloves, but Mitchell was not able to conquer him. John L. Sullivan tried to knock Burke out, and he had 19 minutes in which to accomplish thefeat and failed, and Alf Greenfield also fought Burke a draw and got the verdict in another contest, and yet in spite of these facts, and they cannot be effaced, Slavin, an Australian with plenty of Irish blood in his veins, and his heart in the right place, in a second essay with Burke, not only whips him, but does so effectively, rendering him powerless to continue a struggle in which he had no chance of gaining the supremacy.

Slavin's victory over Burke did not give him much of a boom either in Australia or in England, but if Slavin had knocked Burke out in America like he did in Australia, he would have had no trouble in finding backers to match him against any pugilist breathing, while Slavin's name would have been a household word in sporting circles, whereas his wonderful exploit, because it occurred in Australia, did not create excitement, neither did the Australian giant receive the credit he should have received for accomplishing what the champions of England and America had failed to do.

On Slavin's arrival in England with his gentlemanly, clever and shrewd manager, John Lewis, old followers of the prize ring did not attach much importance to the invasion. Even when he posted a forfeit with the "Sportsman," London, and issued a challenge to meet any man in England, few believed he was a genuine champion, and Bill Goode, a middle-weight, but a "bell ringer" was pitted against him.

After he easily defeated Goode he was only classed as a fair pugilist, but no match for Peter Jackson or Jem Smith. Jackson, however, did not want any contract to meet him for the championship, and the Australian's ambition being only to meet the champion no match was arranged.

Slavin went to England as Australia's champion, not to pose as a muscle hall boxer or display his shape and tall herculean form down Piccadilly, Oxford street and the Strand, but to meet all comers, the champion included, and to conquer or be conquered. Finding that Charlie Mitchell and Peter Jackson would not arrange a match with him except on their own terms, he was about to leave for America to arrange a match with John L. Sullivan, the champion, for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, when Smith, the English champion, knowing that he would lose caste if he permitted Australia's champion to leave England without a battle, after holding two or three caucuses with his backers, agreed to arrange the match, which was ratified and a contract signed.

It is my opinion that from the time the money was posted it was a prearranged affair between Smith and his backers that Slavin should not win, although the best judges actually believed that the Australian did not have the science, stamina or courage to do so.

Slavin, with only a few friends, entered the ring at Bruges ready to battle fairly for his backer's money, his reputation and his country's honor, trusting to England's much adored motto, "A fair field and no favor and may the best man win." After the battle began Slavin found he could win easily, then his opponent, although the premier pugilist of England, was no match for him. He also found that he did not only have to conquer Smith, but Smith's armed mob from Birmingham, who would just as soon have maimed him for life or wiped him out of existence as they did Thomas True in the Spring of 1886, when Alf Greenfield and Jem Smith fought.

Slavin did not jump out of the ring and run away, but stood the armed mob and paid no attention to the blows he received, but faced his foes without a quiver or a quaver until the referee, disgusted with the brutal treatment he was receiving, stopped the battle which Slavin had already won.

Slavin is a champion, and he possesses the breeding, ability and other essential points—science, courage and

bottom to make him one, and if Sullivan accepts his challenge, which is a fair and business-like proposition, a battle between the champion of America and the Australian champion will be the biggest prize ring sensation of 1890.

I have known persons to prophesy or guess on some race horse winning some special race, but I never knew of a pugilistic tipster. There is one on the New York Press, from which paper I clipped the following and produce it as a curiosity. It says: "Here are a few predictions for those who delight to bet money on prize fights. Eugene Hornbacker will whip Dixon when they meet next week; McCarthy of Australia will whip Jack Dempsey when they meet; Ike Weir will whip young Murphy; Jack McAuliffe will defeat Jimmy Carroll; 'Brooklyn Jim' Carroll, the middle-weight, will defeat Mike Luce, and in case Sullivan and Jackson ever meet, John L. will whip Peter within 40 minutes."

Now, when one looks at the uncertainties of a prize ring encounter and the accidents that may occur, prophesying the winner appears an absurdity. For instance, look at the recent battles between Sullivan and Kilrain, Dempsey and LeBlanche, Ashton and Godfrey, Smith and Jackson, and the latest battle between Cushing and Gibbons.

How many men would have tipped that George LeBlanche would defeat Jack Dempsey, or George Godfrey defeat Jack Ashton, or Jackson, the colored champion, defeat Jem Smith. All of these contests should have been won by the pugilists that were beaten but for lack of training, accidents, etc. Kilrain might have defeated Sullivan if he had not neglected himself. Dempsey would have conquered LeBlanche if he had not held his opponent too cheaply, while Ashton, only for his insatiable desire for a ton of brandy before he entered the ring would have won, while Jem Smith if he had not, like Dempsey, held the colored pugilist at anything but a champion, might have won.

In the recent battle between Mike Cushing and Austin Gibbons what pugilistic tipster, unless he knew that Cushing was drinking while training, would have publicly announced that Gibbons would defeat him? No one could have done so if he went by the pugilists' records.

Pugilists have many risks to run after they are matched before they win the money their backers have put up on the issue of the battle. First, there is the opposing faction who may have congregated at the ring side bound to make trouble. Again, he may train off, through accidents or sickness, and then the referee selected may lack moral courage or be a man either biased or not thoroughly posted as to the rules and unfit to decide that a man wins, even if he does so. Looking at these facts, what success can the best posted authorities have of prophesying which pugilist will win.

During the past year there have been six battles fought in the prize ring in which the pugilist that should have won did not do so, but these upsets have a great tendency to increase the interest in pugilism.

One special case of a curious decision was the disqualification of Mike McAuliffe in his bout with Stuckey in the middle-weight championship contest on the ground that he was guilty of wrestling. It is true that McAuliffe did close with Stuckey several times, but not oftener than Stuckey closed with McAuliffe. By the referee's action we have a middle-weight amateur champion who has been made a chopping-block of in previous years by the real champion.

By the way, many men have many minds, and I think many referees have many rules. In the recent Cushing and Gibbons fight, in the fourth round Gibbons fouled Cushing, and either lost the fight or won when Cushing refused to take the music. If the same referee who filled that position in amateur championships had filled that position in the Gibbons and Cushing battle, Cushing would no doubt have been declared the winner on a foul.

The pugilist who acted as referee on that occasion did so, to the surprise of those conversant with the various and many prize ring rules, and made a rule of his own. He gave Cushing permission to rest 7 minutes instead of 1 minute. The referee had no discretionary powers in such a case, and it was his duty either to declare Cushing the winner on the foul committed or give a decision in favor of Gibbons when Cushing refused to face his opponent at the end of the fifth round.

Hundreds of dollars were bet on the result of the battle, independent of the \$2,000 the men were battling for, and those who bet their money were entitled to a decision according to the rules. The "Police Gazette" rules, which governed the contest, are as plain as A B C, and all a referee has to do is to decide by them, which was not done.

I am not castigating the referee on paper for his error, but I am merely showing how absurd was his ruling and unfair to those who backed Cushing, and, contrasting the difference between the amateur referee and the professional referee—for the official in the amateur championships is an ex-amateur champion boxer, and the referee in the Cushing and Gibbons fight a well-known professional pugilist—the former robs a man of his chances of winning when he could do so on a frivolous foul when his opponent also fouled, while the professional, instead of allowing a dangerous foul, refuses to award the fight to the party fouled and gives him seven minutes' rest as a balm for the wound received.

REFEREE

GEORGE W. ATKINSON'S LONDON LETTER.

A letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, London, which is full of sporting items of interest.

LONDON, December 20, 1889.

Advices from Melbourne state that James Stanbury will row Wm. O'Connor, the holder of the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, on neutral water, for £500 a side and the championship of the world. If there is a champion at the present time it is certainly O'Connor, but my view would rather be that there is none, and will not be until O'Connor and Stanbury meet, or, at least, should it be impossible to bring them together, until Hanlan and he have tried conclusions. But, whatever the championship that belongs to, there is one man who is clearly not entitled to it, and that is Peter Kemp.

Harry Downie, the middle-weight champion of Australia, has arrived here and has been challenged by Alf Ball to fight for £100 or £200 a side.

Peter Jackson and Bill Young boxed at the Aquarium on Dec. 20, and the Australian continued a drawing card.

Alf Ball called at *Sporting Life* office and announced that his match with Alf Mitchell being off, he would meet Harry Downie, the middle-weight champion of Australia.

Alf Mitchell has challenged Al Bowman to fight twelve rounds for £200, and the middle-weight championship.

Charley Mitchell training for his match with Jem Maca. They are to box four two-minute rounds for £100. Maca is

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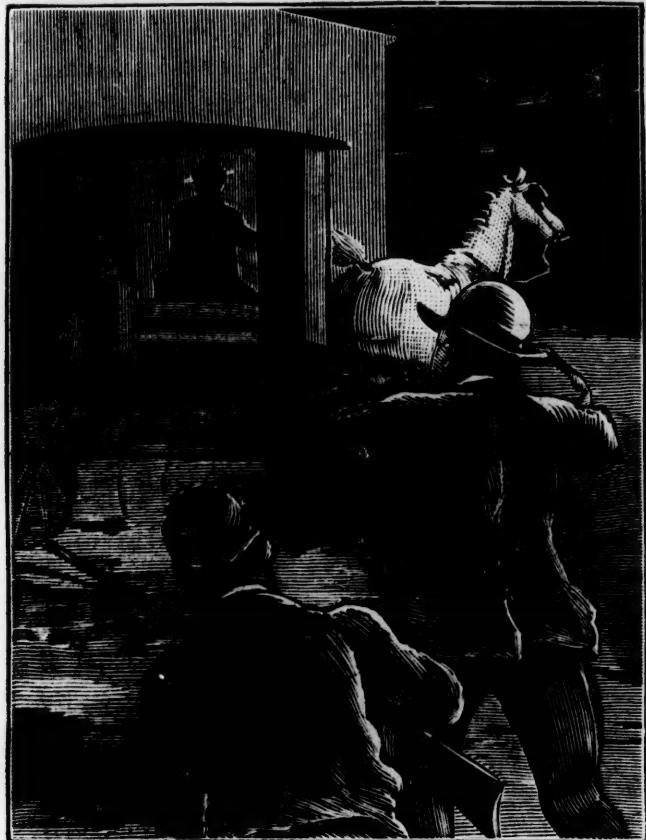
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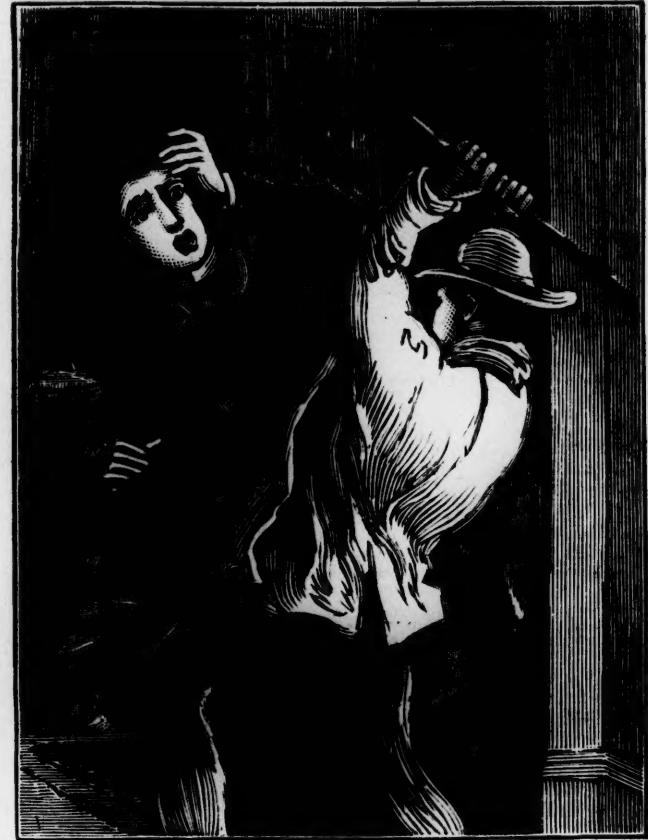
MALICIOUS WEST PHILADELPHIA BOYS.

SEVERAL YOUTHS OF THE QUIET TOWN IMAGINE THEY ARE OUT WEST AND GO GUNNING FOR CITIZENS.



BURIED ALIVE.

FOUR BOYS MEET WITH A HORRIBLE DEATH WHILE PLAYING UNDER A SANDBANK AT JACKSON, TENN.



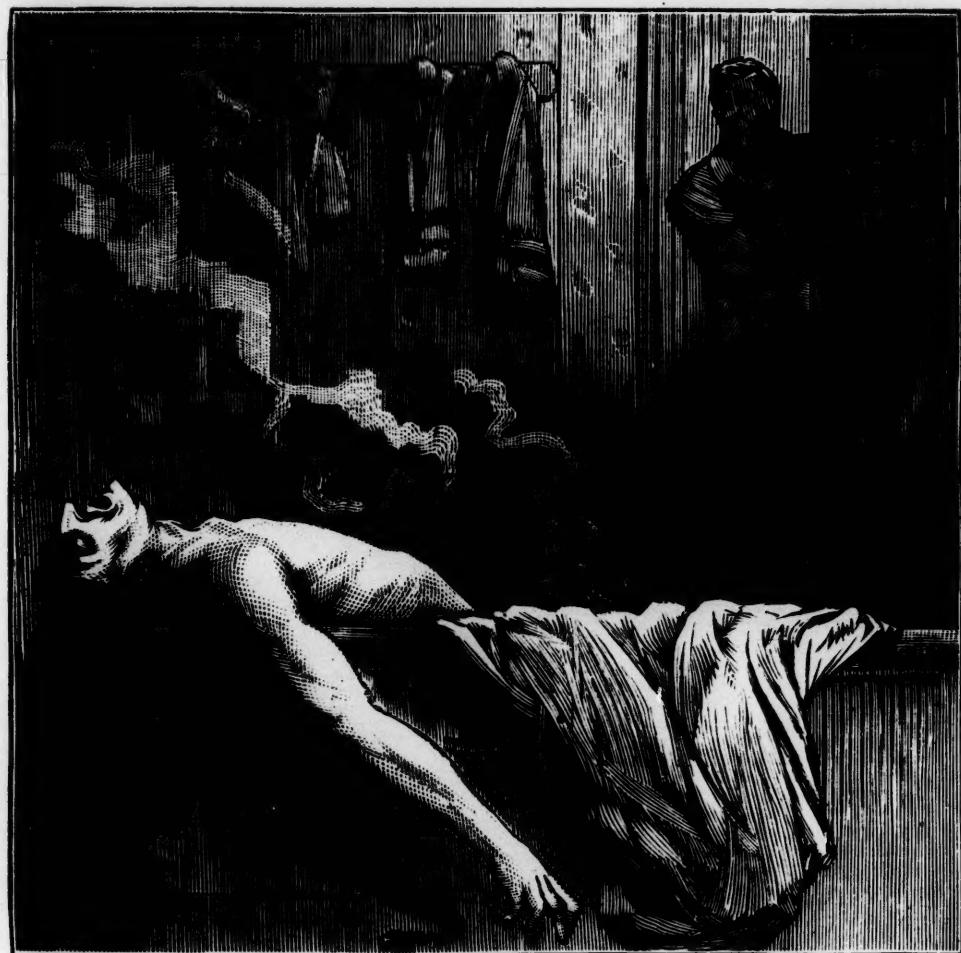
AN ATTEMPT TO KILL A PRIEST.

REV. JAMES KELLY, OF ONEIDA, N. Y., ASSAULTED BY AN UNKNOWN MAN IN HIS OWN DOORWAY.



A YOUTHFUL MURDERER.

SAMUEL GOODE IS FATALY STABBED DURING A QUARREL BY ANDREW BOWMAN, A RAPID YOUTH, AT CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



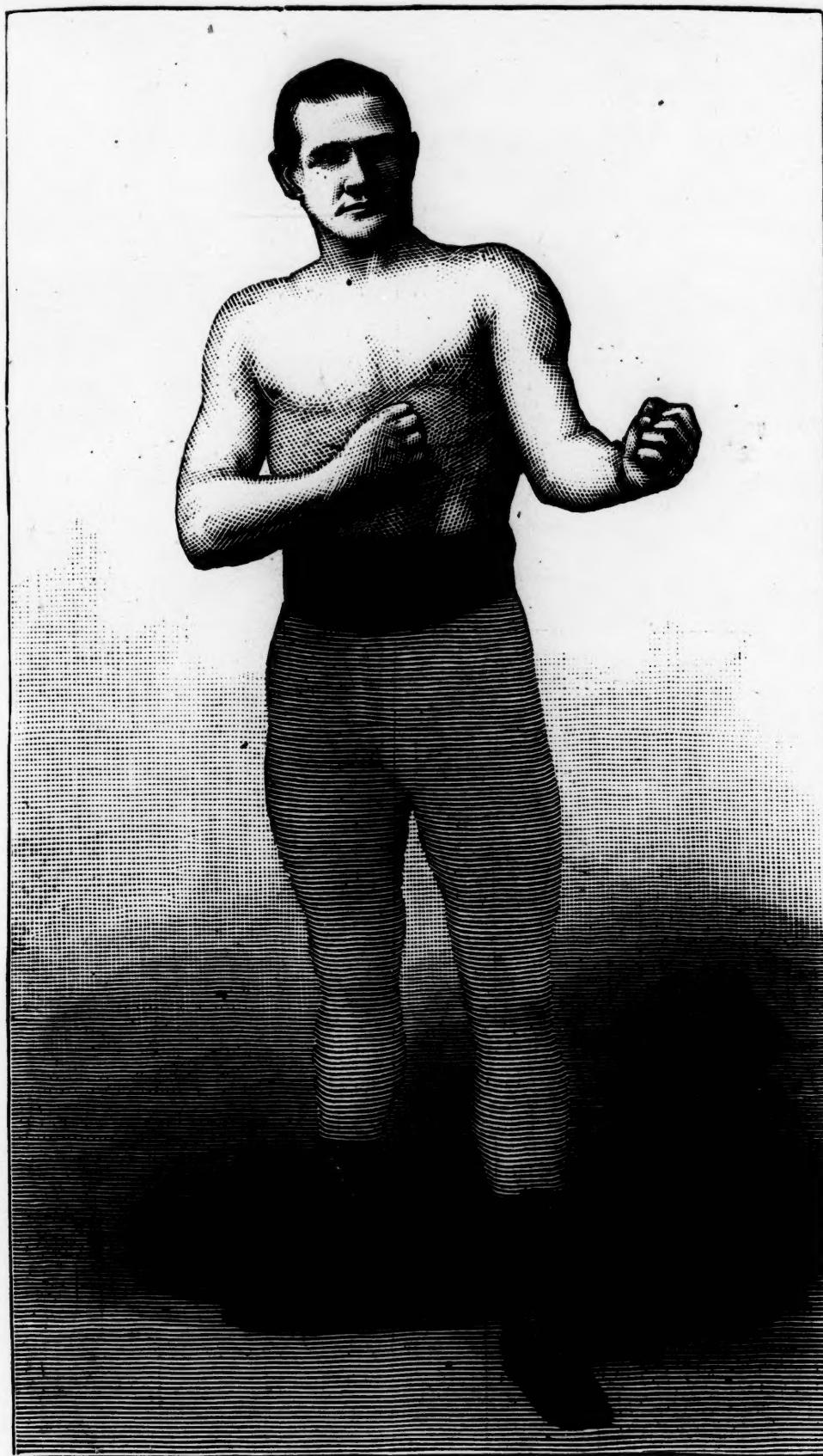
A HORRIBLE FATE.

J. E. CLARK, A HELPLESS PARALYTIC, IS BOILED TO DEATH, THROUGH CARELESSNESS, IN A BATH-TUB AT KOKOMO, INDIANA.



HE IS TO BE ENVIED.

A BRIDGEPORT, CONN., SCAMP WHO SHOWS HIS GOOD TASTE BY HUGGING ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS IN TOWN INDISCRIMINATELY.



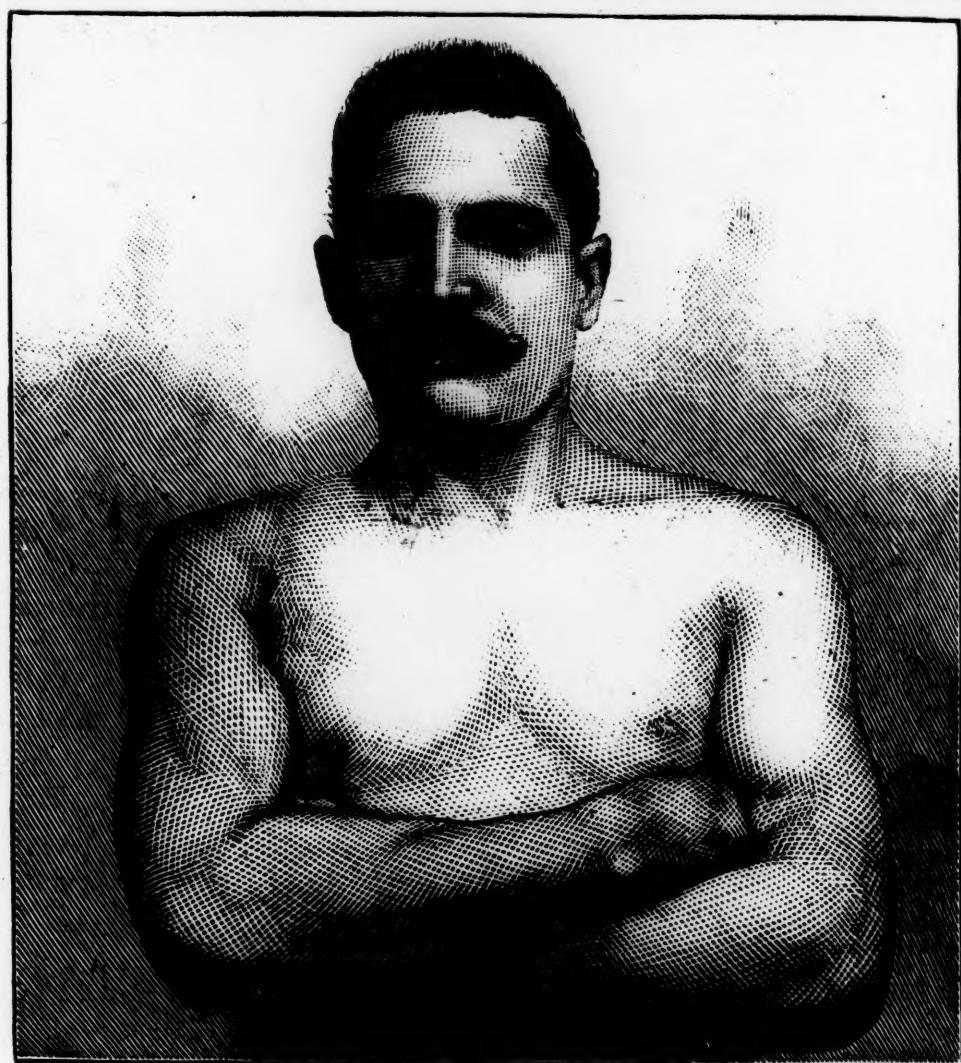
A RETIRED CHAMPION.

J. R. COUPER, A SOUTH AFRICAN MIDDLE-WEIGHT, WHO RECENTLY WON A FORTUNE IN A SINGLE BATTLE.



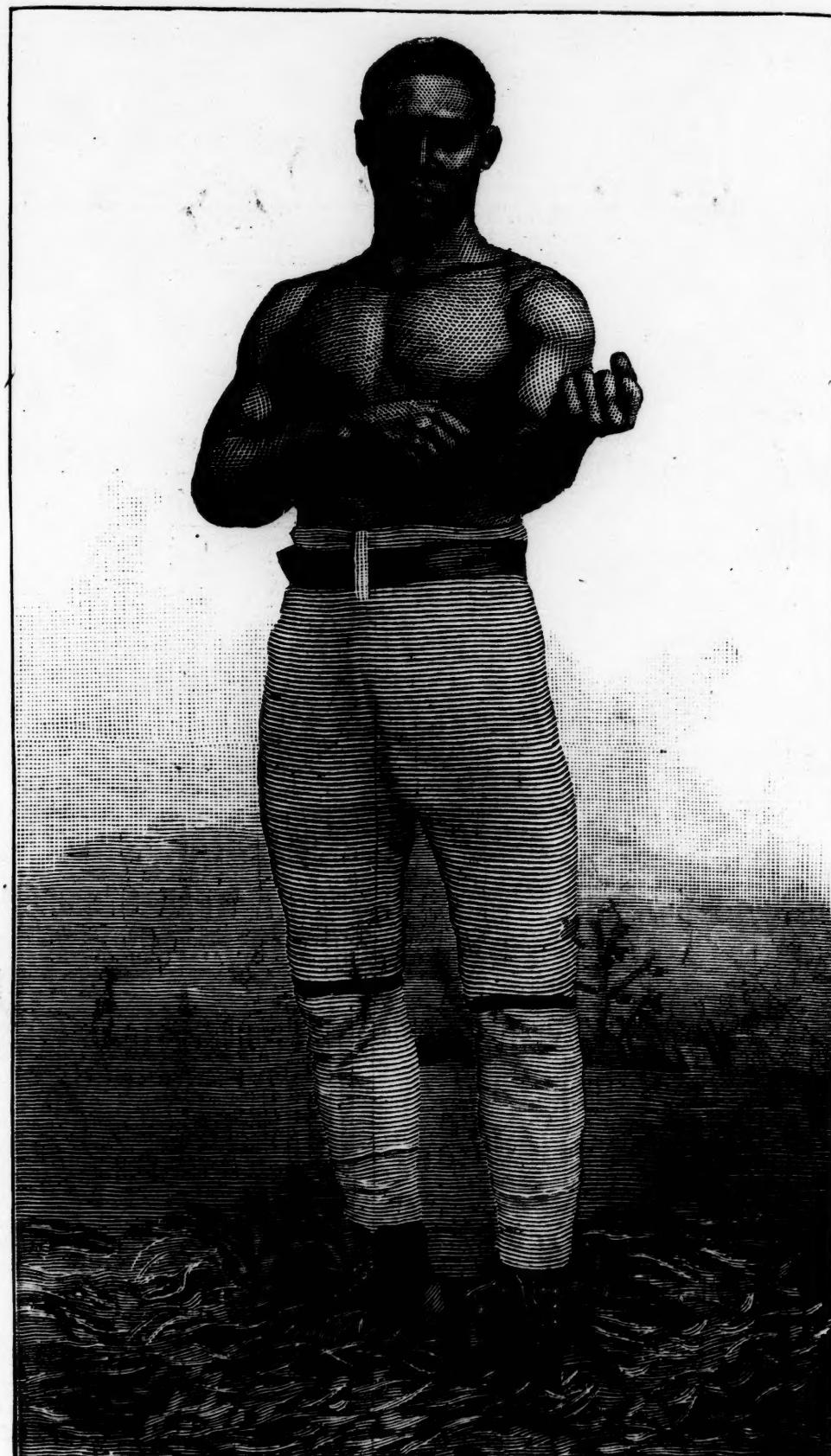
A LIVELY YOUNG CANINE.

THE PROMISING FIGHTING DOG WHICH DR. A. W. PARSONS OF NEW MEXICO IS THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF.



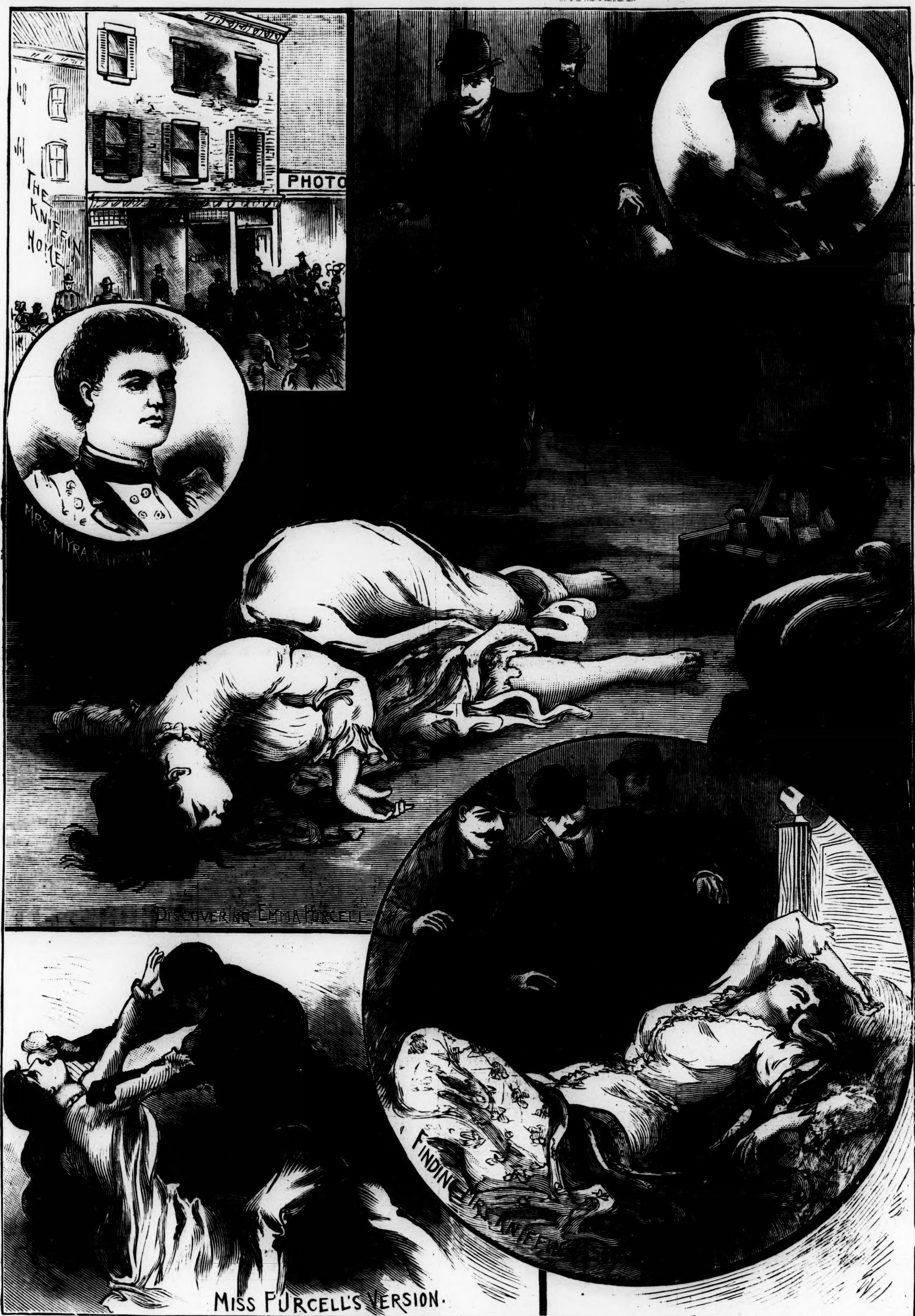
OARSMAN, ATHLETE AND STRONG MAN.

JAMES KENNEDY, OF QUINCY, ILLINOIS, THE BRAWNY AND VIGOROUS ALL-ROUND VICTOR IN MANY CONTESTS.



A COLORED HEAVY-WEIGHT.

D. J. HATCH, OF VISALIA, CAL., WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET PETER JACKSON, THE BLACK CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.



MISS PURCELL'S VERSION.

[TAKEN FROM SKETCHES MADE BY SPECIAL POLICE GAZETTE ARTISTS.]

THAT MYSTERIOUS TRENTON, N. J., MURDER.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE CRUEL KILLING OF MRS. MYRA KNIFFIN IN HER BOUDOIR
ON SOUTH BROAD STREET, ON THE MORNING OF JAN. 3, 1896.